"MODERN MAN," MARCH 1st, 1913.

WE OFFER YOU £5 A WEEK FOR LIFE.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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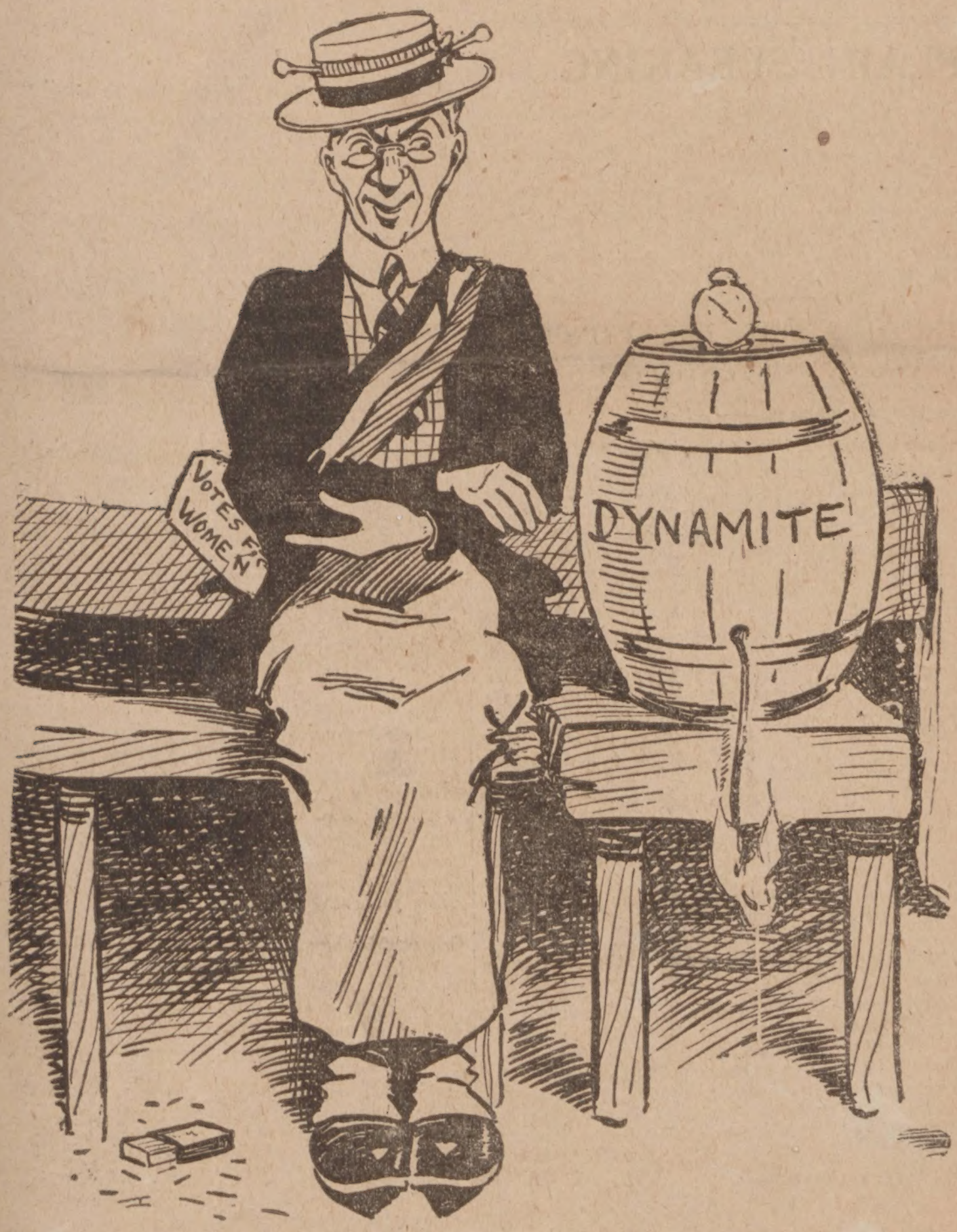

A "FIERY" SUBJECT.

Modern Man

No. 226. Week ending March 1. One Penny.

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Notice to Contributors.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words). The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

The Editor will also be pleased to consider topical illustrations.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PRINCE OF WALES' "INTENTIONS."

Under no Circumstances ——!

If you see it in *Modern Man* it is so! The readers of this column have already become accustomed to seeing our forecasts of the intentions of Their Majesties in regard to both their private and state affairs completely authenticated by subsequent events. Some of these authentications have been almost uncanny in their suddenness. For instance, there was our authoritative pronouncement in regard to the Prince of Wales's marriage. We made this announcement in the most unambiguous terms as recently as Monday, February 3rd, when the number of *Modern Man* for February 8th was on sale.

A contemporary, *apropos* of the forthcoming visit of the Prince to Germany, had stated that "it was known that the visit was in view of the Prince's betrothal," and as this statement had absolutely no basis in fact, we gave our readers a full account of Their Majesties' intentions in regard to the Heir-Apparent. We said:—

"I am in a position to state that under no circumstances will such an alliance take place. Not only am I able to state that the Prince will not wed the Kaiser's daughter, but also that there will be no betrothal of the Heir-Apparent for five years. This, of course, will amaze many, but I leave it to Time to prove its truth to the readers of *Modern Man*."

The Canard about the Prince and the Kaiser's Daughter.

It need scarcely be said that even we, in spite of our exclusive acquaintance with the intentions of King George and Queen Mary upon many matters, did not anticipate that our exclusive information in regard to the Prince of Wales and the Kaiser's daughter would be proven up to the hilt within a fortnight. Yet so it has been. The Kaiser's daughter has not even awaited the visit to Berlin of the Prince of Wales. She has, on the other hand, betrothed herself to Prince Ernest of Cumberland, and all the world wishes the charming young Princess every felicity.

We further stated, in the same issue, *apropos* of our intimation, that the bride of the Prince of Wales has already been selected.

"But at this moment, when society throughout Europe is preening itself upon having located a "romance" in the coming alliance of the Prince of Wales and the Kaiser's daughter, it is as well that this final and authoritative announcement should be made. And I may add that when the time comes, *Modern Man* will be the first paper to give the actual intimation of the Prince's *fiancée*."

And if you see it in *Modern Man*, it will be so.

Unique Ten Pound Note.

Who was it, by the way, who first started the *canard* about the Prince and the Kaiser's daughter? This fact desires to be made known! Amongst the papers which were in for the story was Mr. Moreton Mandeville's new journal which not long ago informed its world that the Prince was definitely engaged to wed the German Princess.

When it was announced that the Prince of Wales was to go to Germany this spring, Mr. Mandeville, not being able to obtain confirmation for his story, and being somewhat funky about it, did a thing which so far as we know has no parallel in the annals of journalism. He published and offered a sum of ten pounds through the columns of his paper to anyone who could confirm his story of the Prince's forthcoming betrothal in Germany. It was then that *Modern Man* finally and authoritatively quashed the *canard*. (We have not yet received this unique Ten Pound Note!)

The Journal that "Buys the Truth."

By the way, it is the boast of the paper in question that it "Buys the Truth"! It may—sometimes—but it also buys the most ridiculous nonsense that has ever been offered to the public. Here is a tit-bit from its issue of February 15th.

I am sorry to hear, from a source that leaves no room for doubt, that Queen Alexandra is far from well. But there is more behind this than appears upon the surface. "Who can minister to the mind diseased?"—ask this question, and remember how heavily, even now, the loss of King Edward preys upon Queen Alexandra, and a glimpse of the true state of affairs is obtained. The fact is that absolute retirement will for the future be her lot. It is a delicate topic to touch upon, but it cannot be disguised that the rift between Buckingham Palace and Sandringham House (? Marlborough House) is widening. King George is a loving son and a dutiful husband; there, in a nutshell, is the epitome of his difficult and at times painful position. And disappointments and changes have much affected Queen Alexandra's sensitive mind; these, combined with the gloom of the winter months, have brought her to a very low state of health.

Specimen of "Scandalous Innuendo."

As a combination of maudlin twaddle and scandalous innuendo, this paragraph would require some beating. However far it approaches the truth may be imagined when we point out that not only is Queen Alexandra in perfect health, but that she has no intention whatever of "retiring"; and that the death of King Edward has in no sense brought her to any degree of lowness of health and spirits; but on the very night that Mr. Mandeville's paper gave the paragraph to its world, Queen Alexandra turned up at the Royal Opera in fine fettle, thoroughly enjoyed the performance, and stayed late. It was the first night of the season.

She was attired in a costume that showed that she was in no delicate condition whatever, and she appeared to appreciate the opera as keenly as a girl young enough to be her great-grandchild. We could point to scores of paragraphs of this type from the pages of this paper.

It is, we conceive it, our duty to point out that the alleged "rift" between Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary is merely a figure of the imagination of Mr. Mandeville's scribe; it is an invention, which deserves the contempt of every journalist in Britain.

Queen-Mother Never More Active Than Now.

So far from any "rift" existing between Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House, the most cordial and affectionate feelings prevail between the two Royal *ménages*. So cordial are they, in fact, that the day after all the scandalous twaddle about the "rift" occurred, Queen Alexandra went with Queen Mary and her son, King George, and his sister, Princess Victoria, to the Royal Academy and spent an hour and a half in studying—not without touches of spontaneous merriment on the part of both Queen-Mother and the Queen-Consort—the pictures which have been hung for the coming season.

For some time to come Queen Alexandra will figure more or less publicly every day, as we know from the published programme of Queen Alexandra's future movements before she sails for Corfu, which at this moment lies before

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Yet this paper has the effrontery to tell its public that the fact is that absolute retirement will for the future be her (Queen Alexandra's) lot!"

It is time that this sort of garbage concerning the relations of the two Queens was finally repudiated with the scorn which it deserves.

Prominent Role of the Queen-Mother.

To proceed with this laudable intention (as we believe it) let us point out that after visiting the Royal Academy with her son and daughter-in-law, Queen Alexandra continued her sad state of "absolute retirement" by again going to the Royal Opera with Princess Victoria for the performance of *Rosenkavalier*. Between her visits to the Royal Academy and the Royal Opera, Queen Alexandra wrote several letters to well-known people, and caused her private secretary to send a message to the members of the Universal Cookery and Food Association, of which she is patroness, which was holding its annual banquet that evening at Prince's with Her Majesty's friend and the King's Master of the Household, Sir Derek Keppel, in the chair.

In fact, it is certain that in the busiest times of Her Majesty's life as Queen-Consort of England, the Queen-Mother never maintained her reputation as a lady of untiring energy, as she does to-day.

Well within sight of her seventieth year, Queen Alexandra is even younger in feeling than she is in looks, and all the world knows that no Royal personage has so well preserved her good looks as the august mother of King George. After this refutation of the insidious innuendo we will only add that the statement that King George is in "a difficult and at times painful position" between his noble mother and his admirable wife, is what old King William the Fourth would have stigmatised as "a damned lie!"

How Our Millionaire Peers Spend Their Money.

In these days of multimillionaires it is sometimes pitiful to watch the efforts some of our noble plutocrats make to get rid of their easily-won wealth. Amongst these gentlemen Lord Grimthorpe figures conspicuously.

Lord Grimthorpe is the nephew of that remarkable old man, Sir Edmund Beckett, who designed "Big Ben," built churches all over the country, and died, aged 90, in 1905, leaving a will of two millions stering, and his new peerage to Mr. Ernest Beckett, the Member for Whitby.

With an income of eighty thousand pounds a year, it must be a source of immense trouble to Lord Grimthorpe to know what to do with his money. The story of "The City of Monte Video Public Works Corporation," whose estimated total deficiencies amount to £943,000, as revealed in the case against Mr. Shackleton, finds Lord Grimthorpe a creditor for over thirty thousand pounds.

This was the company which chiefly brought about the bankruptcy of Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, who had a fortune of £60,000, and now has nothing.

Another of Lord Grimthorpe's notions for depuding himself of some of his superfluous piles of gold was the Travellers' Club, in Paris, in which he also dropped a few thousands. The annals of club-land have no more extraordinary story than the history of this concern.

Wanted—A Society for the Protection of Millionaire Peers.

The Paris "Travellers" was in the Avenue des Champs-Elysées, and though it had one English peer as its progenitor, and another, Lord Rosslyn, to set the pace at baccarat, it never made any profits, though the management did its best to keep the bowl going round until the "we sma' 'oors!"

Anybody could gain admittance, providing he had money to spend, and was "a good sort." The proceedings occasionally ended up with a free fight, but the cheques came along all right for the financing of the show from the London office, and for a time the "Travellers" was indeed one of the "Mysteries of Paris."

Eventually Lord Grimthorpe got sick of the enterprise, and fired out the manager, who thereupon proceeded to play "old Harry" with Cox's Bank by antedating cheques which he had kept up his sleeve, and starting actions against Lord Grimthorpe and his co-directors.

Another of the over-rich young English nobles who had put money in the Paris Travellers was Lord Howard de Walden, and amongst the notable *habitués* of the place was Vicomte de Rouchefoucauld, who finally gave the show away to the directors in London, and brought about its end. What is really wanted is a "Society for the Protection of Millionaire-Peers."

* * *

Lady "Fellows."

"F.R.G.S." has long been a ridiculous claim to distinction, and the admission of ladies into "Fellowship" is likely to make a claim more ridiculous than ever. Twenty of these lady-fellowships were bestowed the other day in one batch, bringing up the total to thirty-six. It is understood that all the fair travellers had geographed as far as Clacton, and some to regions even more remote. "F.R.G.S." ought to represent a dignity hard to be won. As a matter of fact, it is a very cheap indignity indeed.

* * *

Perjured Policemen.

We have a word to say on the subject of magisterial confidence in the evidence of policemen. There has been too much of it, and it has been far too implicit. The recent convictions of four constables for assault and the bringing of false charges against innocent persons, and the censure passed on perjured other constables for backing up the lies of their fellow officers, has seriously disturbed the public mind. The charge of perjury necessarily applies in all these cases, and it is the reverse of reassuring to reflect that the facts, far from bringing to light a new state of things, only illuminate distressingly an old state of things. The names of these four policemen just sentenced does not begin a list but continues an already long one.

"This case has made me sad at heart," said Mr. Curtis Bennett in dealing with the fourth black sheep to be sent to hard labour; and as Mr. Curtis Bennett feels we all feel.

Among the obvious lessons to be learned from the new exposure which have given us cause for new sadness is the one that we commend especially to the consideration of the whole magisterial bench: there should never be bias in favour of police evidence merely because it is police evidence. We are tempted to remark that this is putting it mildly.

THE PROFESSOR'S ANSWER.

The Hostess: "Good women hard to find! Nonsense, Professor! You, for instance, I am sure, have a good woman for a wife."
The Professor: "Vell, yes, but I marry five times before I findt her."

SEND IN AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

Lord Armstrong's heir has become a syndicalist. As his father, the engineer, would say, "Strike while the iron is hot."

* * *

Empty Pockets, Full Prisons.

Recent remarks in *Modern Man* appear to have been effectual in high places, for the Secretary of State for Home Affairs has addressed a circular letter to all magistrates asking them to grant to prisoners to whom they have allowed the option of a fine the further concession of time in which to find the money. Of 11,970 persons convicted in 1911-12 of offences unconnected with drunkenness, all but 473 were sent to prison in default of payment of fines, while of 54,912 persons convicted of drunkenness, etc., no fewer than 48,552 "went down" in similar default. Such figures represent an illogical and unfair differentiation between offenders who can pay upon the spot and offenders who cannot do so—punishment is made a matter of pocket.

* * *

Britain at Brooklands.

The splendid achievement at Brooklands of Mr. Percy Lambert, the (amateur) driver of the Talbot car that lowered the world's 50-mile record to 29min. 2⅗sec., and covered 103¾ miles in one hour, is of technical as well as general interest. It emphasises the fact that in one sphere of sport into which we were the last to enter we now hold the premier place; while English, American, and Continental engineers have to note that the engine of the victorious car was only 25 h.p., with a capacity of 4,531 cubic centimetres, whereas the cubic capacity of the engines of all the higher-powered cars that have been trying in vain to accomplish the 100-miles-in-an-hour feat has been more than three times greater.

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Man and Votes for Women.

The cry of "Votes for Women" does not appeal to the men of Man. The House of Keys Election Amendment Bill, which would have introduced Adult Suffrage into the little Island, was rejected on its second reading.

* * *

Knight Who Became King.

As blackguard and hypocrite Knight broke a good many records, but King beats him on points. The runaway's wireless message to the *Daily Mail* is an amazing amalgamation of audacity and cant.

"I hereby relinquish my Orders as priest of the Church of England."

This impudent intimation to the Bishop of Ripon might be paraphrased: "You need not unfrock me—I'm taking it off."

Particularly dirty mud is stirred by Knight, *alias* King, when he sanctimoniously represents himself as the victim of his own pioneer Christian efforts for the rescue of girls from White Slavery, "before the public conscience was aroused." All through this self-sacrifice, he lost "the one thing he valued most in life—his good reputation"! Whatever its "value," he certainly has lost it.

With a magnanimity almost more than human, the "reverend" telegraphist proclaims: "Mistaken (!) though I may have been, I am prepared to bear the consequences for the sake of those saved from horrible lives." In: "The conception and carrying out of the whole scheme of my disappearance was entirely mine," there is a touch of honest pride. His reference to "the Church I loved" will scarcely be relished by the Church he loved. For the sake of the Church he loved it is a pity that the Reverand Albert King—who ends by announcing that he is going "to do some good in the world"—did not really fall off Flamborough Head and break his neck. As it is, he has fallen a great deal lower.

* * *

"Common Riff-raff."

We begin to hope that our insistent protests against the pernicious leniency with which prisoners of the militant Suffragette brand have been treated on conviction are at last to be resultful. Five female offenders of this class, with one male sympathiser, were last week sentenced to hard labour. The former included Sylvia Pankhurst, and a daughter of Mr. George Lansbury, ex-M.P. for Bow and Bromley, whose son was the male window-smasher. He explained that he broke a pane at Bromley Town Hall "in order to compel the Government to take action."

"If you like to behave like common riff-raff," said a Thames Police Court Magistrate to the whole lot in sentencing them, "you must be treated as such."

"Common riff-raff" is an apt description.

* * *

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "ELIZA COMES TO STAY."

The King and the Territorials.

The announcement that the King is to hold a summer review of the Territorial Force is opportune, for it may be confidently asserted that it will check the too prevalent tendency to cry unfairly and a little overmuch against men whose voluntary service kept alive the last and only hope of the survival and continuance in operation of the principle of voluntary service. It is to be admitted, however, reluctantly, that Territorialism may finally fail—the possibility of being a shame and a reproach to the very manhood of the whole country. But, considering the worst that can justly be said of the present defects and shortcomings of the Territorial Force, we deny that it has failed, and maintain that it need not fail.

*

Modern Criminals.

The whole history of criminology does not present a more daring type of desperado than the up-to-date street bandit of Paris, London, and other cities, some of whose qualities of nerve and audacity were certainly evinced by the enterprising young man who ran off with a post office motor mail van at Hawick last week. He entered the vehicle as it stood outside the local post office, and drove away in it with the confident air of proprietary interest. But it would appear that it was not the van itself that he wanted, but only its easily saleable magneto, for when the former was found abandoned, two hours after the theft, the latter had been removed. Even an expert could scarcely separate a magneto from its attachments in less than ten minutes. In different circumstances, a good many magneto thefts have been effected lately, the value of the essential part of a car's mechanism ranging from about £50 to between £50 and £60.

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"From Manger to Cross."

Many weeks have passed since the first public exhibition in the Albert Hall of the most wonderful picture film in the world—time more than sufficient for the formation of a deliberate and considered judgment as to their prospects. Of their artistic merits no question was ever possible

IT IS NOT TOO LATE FOR YOU TO SECURE SHARES. SEE PAGE 1937

they are as appealing in their beauty as they are marvellous in their verisimilitudes. There are circumstances in which their public exhibition would be objectionable and reprehensible, but in no such circumstances would the proprietors ever allow them to be shown. To do so would be to violate the spirit in which their preparation was conceived and carried out—and the spirit which dictated the brief address which precedes their present Sunday evening exhibition at the Albert Hall. In that spirit is the exhibition witnessed by the spectators. On the occasion of a recent visit we scrutinised the demeanour of the occupants of every part of the building—at no religious service we have ever attended have we seen greater reverence. We have often seen less. The only objection ever raised to these exquisite representations of the Life of Christ—based on a fear as to their seemliness from the point of view of the devout—has completely broken down under the test of trial.

* * *

If Lady Ashburnham chooses to remain at the Convent at Roehampton she will have to relinquish a large fortune left her by her father. In other words she must decide the question "Sum or Nun?"

* * *

Weak England.

In the next great naval war, ships that fly as well as ships that float will be determining factors, and however well off England is for the latter she is very badly off indeed for the former. Germany as well as France has made good a lead that it will take us a long time to pick up. The German Government, stated Mr. Winston Churchill in the House of Commons, possesses twelve airships, while the British Government possesses three. Dividing these "ships that fly" into three classes, of the first class Germany has nine and we have none; of the second class Germany has two against our one; and of the third class one against our two.

There is a good deal to be said for the policy of letting the other chap pay for experiments, and then stocking the best, but it is a policy that can be carried on too long. In this matter of aeronautics, the purely experimental stage has been passed, and the stage of finality is coming within measurable distance.

* * *

Better Drunk than Drugged.

The drug vice is so long and thoroughly established that it has its change of fashion like other "institutions." Just now, the answer of a majority of victims to the question, "What's your poison?" would be "cocaine or chlorodyne."

These drugs are among the worst of the whole bad lot, and there is a special run on them by women; but the attractions of veronal have been so largely advertised lately that it stands a good chance of growing in favour with druggers generally. The "Hove mystery" has aroused the public to a sense of the criminality of the legislature in allowing the unregulated and practically unrestricted sale of "hypnotic" and other drugs "over the counter." Not only should they all be scheduled as poisons, but *no* scheduled poison should be so easily procurable as *any* scheduled poison is procurable. The magnitude of the menace of the drug habit is not realised. Better England drunk than England drugged.

* * *

£10 a Year School Teacher.

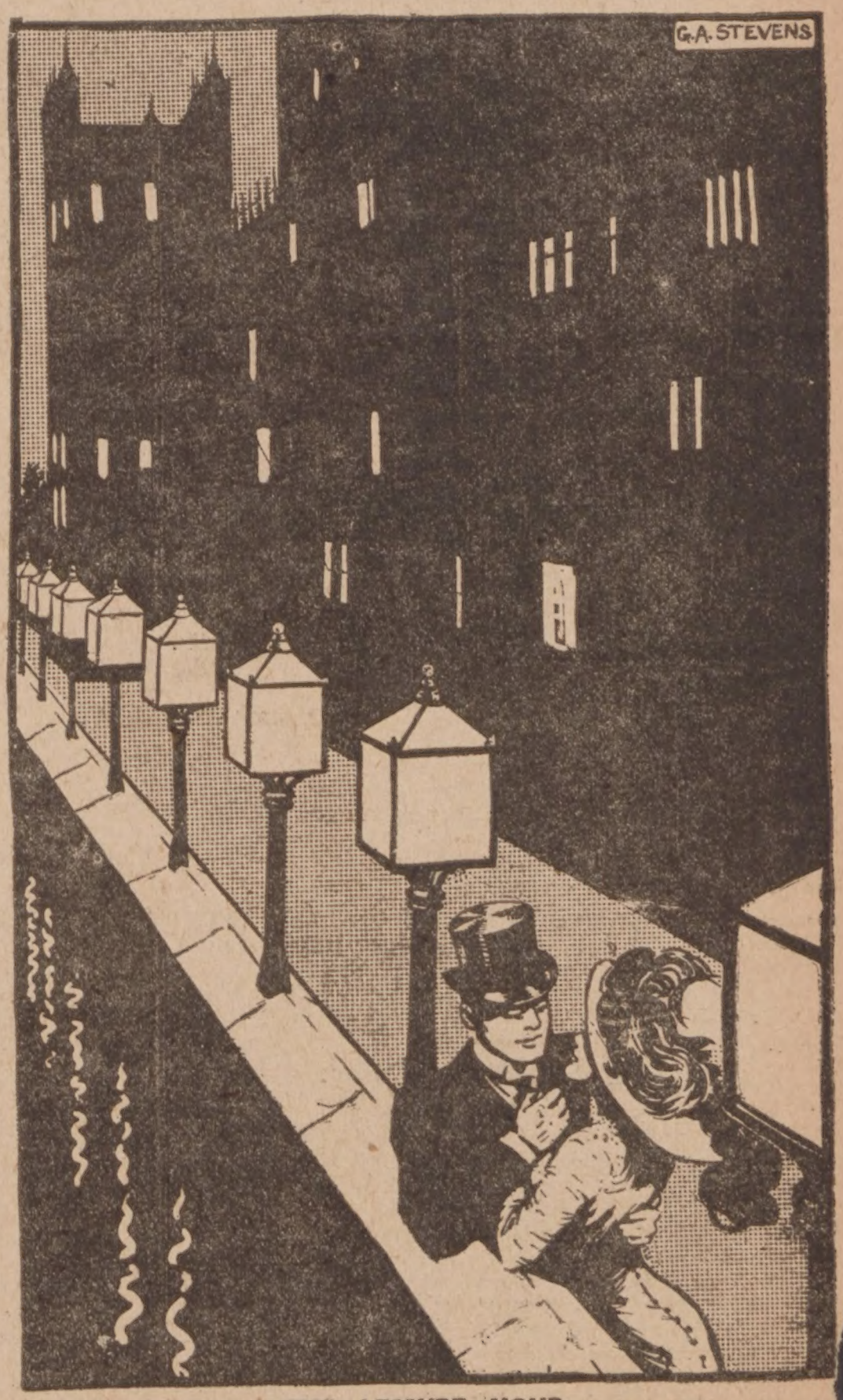
The Waltham Abbey Education Committee have discussed a case of which the salient features were stated to be as follows. A monitress, now 27 years of age, was receiving £10 per annum from the High Beech Elementary School thirteen years ago, when the school was taken over by the Essex Education Committee, this lady, with the other teachers, being taken over with it. Her salary has remained at £10 ever since, although her duties have admittedly been most efficiently discharged, and she has in every way satisfied the visiting inspectors. To help in supporting her widowed mother, she has "augmented her income" by working as a waitress at holiday times—"working in the play-time of the others." A recommendation was passed that her salary be increased to £20—which doesn't seem overdoing it. One member described the case as an instance of "gross sweating"—which doesn't seem an exaggeration.

* * *

National Cash Register (American) Prosecution.

The Anti-Trust movement in America is gathering impetus and momentum. The most notable recent incident of the campaign against the octopus combines is the result of the trial of Mr. John Patterson, president of the huge National Cash Register concern of Dayton, Ohio, together with 28 directors, agents, and employees—all sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, on the finding of a Federal jury in Cincinnati, that they were guilty of buying-out competitors, making unworkable imitations of competing machines, and organising bogus competing corporations. "In your desire for gain," said the judge, "you forgot everything else. Our Government is strong enough to protect this country both from men who transport dynamite to blow up bridges, and those who stifle competition."

Even if the sentenced succeed in wriggling out of their sentence—and the technicalities of American jurisprudence give ample room for wrigglers to wriggle in—the moral effect of the sentence itself cannot fail to be a salutary one. It will drive a nail in the gigantic coffin of the Trust despot. It is a pity that the corpse isn't ready yet.



THE LEISURE HOUR

NOW'S THE TIME TO TEST TO THE FULL YOUR FOOTBALL SKILL.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Some Pithy Pen Points.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is learning to play the bagpipes at Oxford. He still refrains, however, from putting on airs.

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Pet dogs are said to be now popular with men. So are some of their owners.

* * *

Another proposed loan to China has been abandoned. Even Mr. Crisp cannot say "Alone I did it."

* * *

Some men were recently ejected from the Strangers' gallery of the House of Commons. Their names are not known, but most probably it was another Bill that was thrown out.

* * *

Was it Mr. Guinness's bitter contribution to the Marconi enquiry that made Mr. Maxse speechless?

* * *

"Is photography displacing the black and white artist?" asks one of our dailies. The answer is obviously in the negative.

* * *

"Votes for Women" was burned with vitriol on the famous Sandwich golf links. The Suffragettes evidently believe in having good grounds for their demands.

* * *

A Committee of Liberal M.P.'s in favour of Woman Suffrage, recommend that the franchise be restricted to women over twenty-five. Many women will prefer to continue to pass for twenty-one rather than have a vote.

* * *

Crawlings as an aid to slimness is the latest feminine craze in Paris. If crawling promotes slimness we shall not be surprised to see some of our London waitresses vanish altogether.

* * *

It is estimated that the average woman spends 242 days of her life at her mirror. Many a man takes half an hour or more at a time over his glass—and then orders another one.

* * *

Evening News headlines: Brilliant colours at night. Mantle worn in theatre stalls. *Veritas!*

* * *

Mr. F. Kirkham says that a dog shows his teeth as a sign of pleasure. Thus, if he has any bad points, he knows how to grin and bare them.

* * *

An M.P. was called to order recently for snoring during a debate in the House. The "Nose" had it that time.

* * *

The eloping vicar intends to begin again in Australia. We hope he won't.

* * *

There is likely to be a rise in tobacco. This announcement in no way refers to cigarette ends.

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Nearly 212 million farthings have been coined at the Mint since 1860. No wonder drapers can never give a farthing change.

ABUSE OF HORSE-AMBULANCE FACILITIES.

Free, But Charged For.

"The City" has an excellent service of motored ambulances—London is woefully deficient in the matter of ambulance provision of any kind, except for conveyances for the carriage of horses and other animals. These horsed ambulances are the property of Our Dumb Friends' League.

They number seventeen, and are quartered in as many stations, east, west, north, and south of the metropolis. Specially designed and built to serve their destined purposes, they are models of constructional ingenuity. The first cost of each may be put at £120, and their upkeep (pair-horsed) rises from £100 a year each, according to the number of calls—on an average £2,000 for the whole number.

The object of the League in the provision and maintenance of these ambulances is a purely benevolent one—inspired by a benevolent regard for "our dumb friends," disabled in man's service. Since the increase in the number of motored vehicles, street accidents to horses have been far more numerous than they used to be. The number of injured, sick, and otherwise disabled animals yearly removed from the streets in these specially contrived conveyances, with a minimum of pain, is now about 2,500.

Their use is free. Save when asked for for the private use of some wealthy horse-owner, there is no charge or fee whatever. They are at the call of a policeman, a veterinary surgeon, or any interested party, in all cases a bona-fide street need. So far, good—very good. But all good things, because of their goodness, are liable to be abused.

Veterinary Surgeon's Charges.

We have lately been made acquainted, to our indignation and regret, with particulars of several cases of gross abuse, by a veterinary surgeon, of these benevolently provided facilities. If challenged, we are quite prepared to substantiate our charges, which are that in bills presented to owners for veterinary services, the use of an ambulance of Our Dumb Friends' League has been priced—in one instance at half-a-guinea, and in another at a guinea. Further, representations were made as to the rule and practice of the League which a perusal of an official hand-book issued by the League shows to be false—and in our opinion the misrepresentations were injurious to the interests of the League.

It is sincerely to be hoped, and may reasonably be believed, that no such malpractices are common; but, all the same, owners of horses removed in League ambulances, the warning we imply may not be superfluous.

"MESSIAH'S" NEW ROLE.

Latest News from the "Abode of Love."

The notorious "Messiah" is about to break fresh ground that will certainly add to his reputation. It should be said that a few weeks ago there died one of the few remaining Brothers who are in residence at the Abode at Spaxton, that haunt of luxurious vice covered by the sacred name of religion. This was the man Morris, who built one of the houses on the Agapemone estate and threw all his fortune into the "Messiah's" common chest—which, apparently, has a hole in the bottom of it, because all the cash drips into the pocket of Piggot.

Morris was the most sane of all the curious mystics who call "free-love" righteousness in this remote corner of Somersetshire, and he certainly exercised something of a restraining power upon the man he always reverently called "Messiah." But now he sleeps under the turf of the Agapemone burial-ground Piggot is embarking upon a madder course of folly than he has yet undertaken in his unusually chequered career.

Cash-Raising Crusade.

For the "Messiah" proposes to emerge from the shelter of the towering walls that surround the Abode, and sound a general call to repentence. Of course, primarily it is a cash-raising device; for from the time when this extraordinary man borrowed money in his curate days at St. Jude's, Mildmay Park, from the young ladies who fell over him, to his stripping Sister Ruth and other victims of all they had, Piggot has always had an eye to the main chance.

It is not generally known that there are in this country some thousands of what are termed "secret" Agapemonites—that is, those who believe the man to be the "Messiah," but who do not reside in the Abode. Of late the contributions of these faithful ones have somewhat languished; the flight of the late chief-soul bride from the Abode was a heavy blow at the prestige of the "Messiah"; and Piggot proposes to stimulate business by stumping the country, and delivering at the houses of the sympathisers some of those well-known sermons of his, compounded of piety, poetic images, sensuous suggestions, and powerful appeal, which none can do better than himself. Interesting developments may be expected.

SOUTHERN READER WINS FOOTBALL PRIZE THIS WEEK.

We repeat our Great Football Offer this week. So do not miss this opportunity of a Lifetime. Put your Football skill to the supreme test and capture a pension of

£5 PER WEEK FOR LIFE

What a chance! Do not miss it under any circumstances. You can get your parents, wife, sister or brother, as the case may be, to help secure this magnificent award. Even if you do not succeed in sending in a complete list of correct results, we offer

10/- per week for 2 years

to the person who is nearest correct. This true sporting offer of "Modern Man" is a record one in journalism, even the hardworking newsagent or bookstall clerk is not forgotten, for we have decided to pay

5/- per week for 2 years

to the newsagent or bookstall clerk whose name appears on the coupon which is successful in winning the £5 per week for life. This is the chance of a lifetime for all readers of the good old favourite "Modern Man."

DO NOT FAIL TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT.

NO ARBITRARY CONDITIONS.

NO GOALS TO PUZZLE OVER.

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

YOU CAN SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

START TESTING YOUR FOOTBALL SKILL AT ONCE!

and remember the Awards are

£5 per week for Life to the Winner.

10/- per week for 2 years to the nearest correct.

5/- per week for 2 years to the Newsagent.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, March 1st, and for the prize of £5 a week for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £5 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for two years will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches next Saturday, March 1st. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to Modern Man, No. 18, Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, February 28th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £5 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £5 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of £1 a week for life.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for two years will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 18.

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 1st. Cross out —in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

ASTON VILLA	v.	TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.
BOLTON WANDERERS	v.	BLACKBURN.
CHELSEA	v.	MANCHESTER CITY.
LIVERPOOL	v.	DERBY COUNTY.
MANCHESTER UNITED	v.	MIDDLESBROUGH.
NEWCASTLE UNITED	v.	EVERTON.
NOTTS COUNTY	v.	SUNDERLAND.
OLDHAM	v.	WEST BROMWICH ALBION.
BRADFORD	v.	BLACKPOOL.
BURNLEY	v.	LEEDS CITY.
CLAPTON ORIENT	v.	BRISTOL CITY.
EXETER CITY	v.	GILLINGHAM.
SWINDON	v.	QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
CARDIFF CITY	v.	MID RHONDDA.
MARDY	v.	PONTYPRIDD.
TON PENTRE	v.	ABERDARE.
LEYTONSTONE	v.	NUNHEAD.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS	v.	ILFORD.
DENABY UNITED	v.	WORKSOP.
GRIMSBY TOWN	v.	DONCASTER ROVERS.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address.....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

READ ABOUT THE CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME ON PAGE 1937.

HIS FIRST OFFENCE.

DRAMATIC SEQUEL TO A STOCKBROKER'S LENIENCY.

Carl Brinmead, stockbroker, stole softly down the stairs in his stockinged feet, his finger on the trigger of the revolver. A bright light shone under the closed door of the dining-room. Surely this was not an old hand who pulled up the blind to let in the moonlight and exposed himself to the gaze of the passing policeman while he worked?

Stepping noiselessly up to the door, the stockbroker listened a moment and then grasped the knob and turned it quickly.

"Hands up, please," he said calmly. "I can shoot quite straight, so you'd better not move." The burglar was on his knees before the sideboard in the act of transferring Mr. Brinmead's best silver teapot to a large handbag beside him. He stumbled awkwardly to his feet, with dropped jaw and ghastly, drawn face.

"Caught! Oh, my God!"

"Yes; caught and rather neatly, I flatter myself—without a soul in the house being disturbed. But you haven't done what I asked you. Put up your hands at once, or I'll drill a hole through you."

The burglar's hands clenched tightly as he slowly hoisted them into the air. His lips moved as if he wanted to speak, but could not.

"Is this your first job? Honour bright, now," sharply commanded Brinmead.

"I swear it is, sir. It's not the first time I've tried it, though. I—I tried to break into a house last night, in the next road, but I thought better of it sir, when I had the window open and all."

"You funked it, in other words?"

"Yes; I felt I couldn't go on with it. I suppose it was conscience that stopped me."

"Your conscience didn't stop you to-night from putting my best silver teapot inside the bag that your conscience also did not prevent you bringing with you."

"A man gets desperate when he has seen his wife starve, sir—sinking lower and lower, day after day, for want of proper food."

A weary, bitter look crossed the burglar's not ill-looking face—a face that struck the stockbroker as strangely like his own, allowing for its pinched, famished, almost wolfish expression.

"Your wife is ill?"

"Yes, sir, and I can't get work of any kind. I'm a cabinet-maker by trade, and there's nothing doing."

The stockbroker was lolling on the back of the chair he had placed in front of him, with the revolver held carelessly in his right hand. He thought of his own wife lying in the grave, and of his child—his little girl sleeping the sleep of innocence upstairs in her cot. His face involuntarily softened, and the mocking, cynical smile left his eyes.

"For your wife's sake," he said, "and also perhaps a little for your own, I will let you go. Keep quiet and I'll tell you where you may find work. See that card stuck behind the overmantel, apply at that address in the morning. I know they want men to deliver bills or something of that kind; and anyone will do. Now, quick march!"

"How can I thank ——" began the man sheepishly, twisting the card about in his fingers.

"Don't try to. Try to—to keep honest. It pays in the end."

Carl Brinmead returned to bed, after closing the front door behind his unexpected visitor, feeling a better man than he had done for months.

"Yes, honesty is the best policy," he muttered. "If only ——"

And Mr. Brinmead sighed as he put the revolver back in its case and switched out the light.

Six months later all London was startled by the arrest of Mr. Carl Brinmead, the highly respected stockbroker, on a charge of embezzling funds entrusted to his charge.

The trial was one of the sensations of the day, but it did not take very long. The case was all too easily proved. Yet it was almost a relief to the prisoner when the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty" against him, and he was sentenced.

"Come along," growled the warder beside him. And he was led down the steps of the dock back to the cell he had just quitted.

It had another occupant now—a man of about his own age and build and clean-shaven, too, like himself, but poorly clad, he was dully conscious of noticing. The door was shut upon them with a discordant clash that jarred every over-wrought nerve in his body, and he stumbled to the stone bench he saw vacant and sank listlessly upon it.

"Mr. Brinmead, don't you remember me?"

"I—I can't say that I do," Brinmead said slowly, after a half-hearted scrutiny. "And yet your face certainly seems familiar."

"Don't you remember the burglar you nabbed last May and let off? I ain't forgot you, sir."

"Ah, I remember now; but you—you promised to try and live honestly, didn't you? I hadn't much right to advise you to, had I? But it was all up with me even then. Perhaps that was why I let you go."

"I've run straight ever since, sir. I got the job you told me of, but it didn't last long. Still, it helped to cheer my wife's last hours, and God bless you for it, Mr. Brinmead. I don't care what other folks say. You done me a good turn, and I don't forget it. It was thanks to you that the wife lived a few months longer, and she was all I had in the world. But she's dead now. I've never a soul to care for now."

"Well, you're luckier than I was. No one let me off my first offence. I might have put things straight if they'd given me time. And, what's more, I *have* got someone to care for. Poor little kiddie! She is too young yet to understand, but in a few years she will; and what will she think of me ——"

He buried his head in his hands again and relapsed into silence.

"Mr. Brinmead, here's someone who will let you off your first offence," said his companion, after a full minute had passed without a word. "I will."

"You will? What on earth do you mean, man?"

"I mean what I say, sir. I've been sentenced to a day's imprisonment for 'refractory conduct'—that was what they called it—at the workhouse. I saw an old man knocked about, and I took his part. That's all, honestly, sir. Yet it's come to the workhouse I have, Mr. Brinmead, since my wife's death.

"But never mind that now. It was drink that did it, and I've only got myself to thank. Quick! We shan't be disturbed till the court rises. We'll have plenty of time. Give have your clothes!"

"But—but what do you mean to do? I don't understand."

"I am going to take your sentence, and you'll take mine."

"Oh, it is absurd! They'd spot it at once."

"I don't see why. I am a man of fair education. If we change clothes they won't suspect there's anything wrong, and we're not at all unlike to look at. Come on, off with your clothes! I mean it, man—I mean it! This is the only way I can repay the debt I owe you, and I am going to do it. How long have you got? I mean your sentence. What is it?"

"Seven years. Oh, you can't ——"

"Life isn't worth living to me. I will cheerfully take your sentence on my shoulders. Look sharp! Undress; there's no saying when the court may rise."

With the wild desire for freedom pulsing through his blood, Mr. Brinmead offered no further objections. He scarcely realised what the man's self-sacrifice meant. He only knew that here was a chance of giving his girl an honest father, even if it were in another country and under another name.

A quarter of an hour later the cell door opened.

"Carl Brinmead!" called a policeman outside.

The stockbroker half rose to obey the call. He was pulled quickly back and his companion strode forward.

The door closed upon his saviour's form; he was alone.

Would the fraud be discovered? Every step that he heard in the corridor seemed to spell his doom. He scarcely dared to think of what he should do if he got clear.

Five minutes—ten minutes passed. He heard the "Black Maria" driving out of the yard. Footsteps approached; the cell-door opened again.

"William Lloyd, the court has risen, so you can go up, please! That's the way out."

EXPLAINED.

"I swear to you I cannot live without my wife."

"Ah, you love her so?"

"Well, not exactly that. You see she has the money."

NOW'S THE TIME TO TEST YOUR FOOTBALL SKILL.

A WORD TO YOU
ABOUT THE
CO-OPERATIVE THRIFT SCHEME
DEVISED BY
YOUR EDITOR.

You doubtless read last week with interest my exposition to you, in common with all my many thousands of reader friends, of the Co-operative Thrift Scheme thought out by myself, whereby every class of worker can make and save money through the instrumentality of *Modern Man's* One Shilling shares.

I take it for granted, then, that you did read my last week's notes, and need not recapitulate the enormous advantage offered to the thrifty by *Modern Man* shares. What I have to say to you this week takes the form of an explanation of means by which you can assist materially, and without delay, in increasing the finances of your favourite paper, and at the same time increasing thereby the interest which you will draw upon YOUR shares in it.

Work With Me.

I want you to work with me for your benefit and mine. I on my part am working strenuously and long every day to this end, and you can, quietly and without the slightest effort, help to enhance the value of your own holding in this co-operative scheme.

There is an old saying, and it is as true as the ages down which it has passed to us, that money makes money. I want you to act on this. Briefly, the more partners there are in our Co-operative Thrift organisation the more money each one will make out of it. I want you to obtain more partners to come in with ME and YOU.

Never mind what your business is, you can do this, whether your working day be passed in a mighty factory, behind the counter of a thriving store, at a desk in a commercial office, in engineering works, no matter where, you have fellow-workers with you.

Increasing Sales.

Make these fellow-workers join our Co-operative Thrift Scheme. Point out to them what I pointed out to you last week, the great and steadily increasing sale of *Modern Man*. The remarkable appeal of this essentially up-to-date journal; and last, but not least, the sound security constituted by the One Shilling Shares which are the firm basis of our Co-operative Thrift Scheme.

Get your friends to do as you have wisely done, namely, to fill in the application form which I again print for your and their assistance below, stating whether they wish to buy only Five Shares (for 5s.) or whether they wish to put by more money—and obtain more interest on it—by buying more shares. Tell them that when they have paid their One Shilling per share they have bought that share OUTRIGHT, and that there is no more for them to pay.

I thank you in advance for doing me this service; and in a very short time all your thrifty fellow-workers will thank you heartily for doing it for them.

YOUR EDITOR.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

Form of Application for Shares.

To the Directors of BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

I enclose herewith the sum of £..... being payment in full for .... 10 per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares of 1s. each in the above Company. I hereby apply for and request you to allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number which may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members of the Company as the holder of such shares allotted to me.

Name in full .....

Mr., Mrs., or Miss .....

Address .....

Description .....

Usual Signature .....

Date ..... 1913.

TIT BITS FROM STAGELAND.

Theatre Notes and Notions.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson (telegraphic address "Unconventional," Vienna) gives "Judith" in classical dance at the Austrian Capital. How delighted the Earl of Cromartie must be at his accomplished daughter's more-or-less undressy terpsichorean proclivities—and at Vienna of all places on this earth.

* * *

What with the lady above-mentioned doing her best on the Continent, and Lord Dangan, the son and heir of Earl Cowley, shining in musical comedy chorus, those of the stage, and we appertaining thereto, are *right* among the nuts, so to speak.

* * *

Mr. Gulliver tells us he is going to give an evening bill consisting solely of 3 of his terrible Grand Guignol playlets—plenty of corps and murder and such-like dainty hors-d'oeuvres you know!—with 3 farces interlarded. I'm really sorry. I do so hate the over-strong drama personally, but at the same time, one must give him credit for knowing his own public best.

* * *

Very welcome indeed is Miss Jessie Millward, back from a protracted stay in U.S.A. Her "In the Grey of the Dawn" at the Chelsea Palace is positively everybody's money!

* * *

DAINTY CORA GOFFIN.

Miss Cora Goffin, who will shortly appear in "The Spielmann" at the Palladium, is the eptiome of that charming child genius that it is given to England and English alone to appreciate at its full worth.

* * *

The central idea of "The Spielmann" which suggested itself to Irvine, who will undertake the title role, during the run of "The Miracle," is to emphasise the fact that the Spielmann of German legend has a benevolent as well as his better-known malicious nature.

* * *

"Lady Noggs," in the person of Miss Mary Glynne, at the Comedy, is an entirely adorable little personality.

* * *

Funny how most critics have accused Miss Cicely Hamilton of feminist propaganda in this play. Not having read the book, and overlooking the fact that Miss Hamilton is only the adapter, they have completely forgotten that Mr. Edgar Jepson is solely responsible for its political significance.

* * *

Recent provincial correspondence informs me that Miss Gertie Gitana is positively creating a new reputation for herself. We all hope that this well-deserved adulation will not cause too long an absence from town. London needs her refined show very badly in these bare-limbed days of unhealthy bedroom "problems."

W. R. C. R.

WE OFFER YOU £5 A WEEK FOR LIFE.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Why did a rising City accountant miss his pike-fishing appointment last Sunday week? And had the attractions of a little flat in West Kensington anything to do with it?

* * *

Was not a Jermyn Street hatter rather foolish to take the Italian Count's promissory note in payment of his account? And is it not a fact that the Italian nobleman's real name is Higgs, and that the hats thus obtained on the "never never" were afterwards sold for ready money in a Bohemian resort off the Strand?

* * *

Was there any relationship between a young prisoner recently convicted for forgery and the legal luminary who prosecuted him? And was not the sentence rather lighter than is usual in such cases?

* * *

Who was the lady who dropped a purse in Bedford Street, Strand, the other morning? And what was the name of the actor who restored it to her? And was it not then a sovereign lighter than when she dropped it?

* * *

Has the Anglo-Indian retired colonel's wife really gone to the Harrogate hydro.? Is there not a distinct similarity between her and a lady who is just now staying in retirement in a little hotel in the Haute Ville at Boulogne-sur-Mer? And who is the tall, dark, hatless individual who so frequently accompanies the latter lady on the local golf links?

* * *

What is the real name of a "nurse" who is at present advertising for "young, tall, probationers, of good appearance" for a massage institute? Is the advertiser a woman or a man? And if the whole thing were investigated would it not come within the scope of the White Slave Traffic Act?

* * *

Does a Kentish squire who is at the present time taking care of his aged and wealthy grandmother in his country home take sufficient care of her? And what is the tie between him and the local doctor, that the latter does not make some communication to the authorities?

* * *

What is the cause of the estrangement between the two brothers in Kensington Gore? Why is it that they are now living apart instead of sharing a flat as they did until recently? And would they be such bad friends if they knew that the little Gaiety girl is going to marry a Jew money-lender?

* * *

Who are the parents of the baby recently adopted by the wife of a City merchant? And would the latter view the child with the affection he does if he knew what had take place during the "health voyage" round the world fr which his wife returned not long ago?

* * *

Were not several people absent from the Hove "verdi inquest who could have thrown much light on the mystery Who was instrumental in their omission from the proceed ings? And how long will it be before their knowledge com to light?

* * *

Was it quite politic of the actress (whose stage name suggestive of a tame pet) to make so obvious an attempt appropriate a ham from the counter of a Hammersmi lounge-bar? Ought she not to be thankful to her dar haired male companion who dissuaded her in time? And not the fair-haired member of the gathering justly proud the artistic manner in which he purloined a match-stand?

* * *

Would the half-caste journalist have obtained a divo from his wife so easily if the King's Proctor had got wind his relations with the lady who is known to her intimates the West End as "Antipon"?

* * *

Who was the lady who called at the hotel in Crom Road, and why was she so quickly ejected by two porters?

* * *

Would the mother of the young Fulham lady, Ethel be gratified to know the nature of her assignations late night at "Poppy's Corner" with the young man in yellow boots?

* * *

The passing of the White Slave Act has been followed a period of rest from activity on the part of those who w foremost in the agitation that gave birth to the Act.

* * *

But now a fresh campaign is to be undertaken, and objective is to be the Music Halls that lift themselves in glitter of the West End by night.

* * *

It will be a sort of Mrs. Ormiston Chant resurrecte indeed that lady will be in the forefront of the ba assisted by the Bishop of London and Rev. F .B. Me and a Committee of Public Morals is to be inaugurate

* * *

A young barrister has just committed himself i decidedly awkward manner. He was at a certain night a short time ago, and while somewhat muddled with dr met and fell violently in love with one of those fascina young damsels who shine by night, but appe rather turnished in the cold light of morn

* * *

A special license was obtained and the tw became one; and now, reason having retur as the fumes of alcohol departed he is curs his folly in having saddled himself with a that he can neither respect nor introduce his friends. The affair is said to have ar out of a drunken bet.

* * *

How much longer are the West Kensing police going to tolerate the playful prac of a tall, top-hatted, and black-moustac man of alien appearance, who walks up down the North End Road in the even accosting girls and women?

* * *

Who was the joyous personage who pended himself from two straps in a Dis railway carriage some nights ago, remained with his feet off the ground w the train was travelling from Earl's Cou West Kensington, where he alighted?

NO REGARD FOR SECRECY.

SEND FOR SOME "MODERN MAN" SHARES TO-DAY.

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS.

"You'd never suspect me of being a speed fiend, would you?"

"Oh, I don't know. It is no sign just because you don't go soon that you don't go fast."—*Houston Post.*

* * *

"She says she thinks she could learn to love me."

"Yet you do not look happy!"

"It is going to be expensive. Had her at the theatre last night, with a little supper afterwards. The first lesson cost me twenty-five dollars."—*Kansas City Journal.*

* * *

"He is one of those fellows who expect the impossible."

"How so?"

"He expects some woman to love him for himself alone."

* * *

"Pop, what is the difference between an artist and an artisan?"

"An artisan, my son, can usually make at least three dollars a day."

* * *

IF NOT WOMEN, WHO?

The French Government has appointed a commission of two hundred and fifty legislators, doctors, professors, and magistrates to deal with the question of depopulation.

Women are demanding a place on the commission, and the ministers are very much surprised that they should consider themselves competent to deal with this subject!—*Judge.*

* * *

She used to sit upon his knee
When she was courting Jim,
And since they wed the habit clings—
She often sits on him.

* * *

"Shall we mention the fact that Sir Thomas Lipton is in trade?" asked the reporter.

"Oh dear, no!" replied the society editor. "In mentioning Sir Thomas Lipton always remember that the tea is silent."—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

OBVIOUS.

"My husband has deserted me and I want a warrant," announced the large lady.

"What reason did he have for deserting you?" asked the magistrate.

"I don't want any lip from you, I want a warrant. I don't know what reason he had."

"I think I understand his reason," said the official feebly, as he proceeded to draw up a warrant.—*Exchange.*

"This poem was written by a prominent lawyer of this city. Has it any value?"

"About as much value," said the editor, "as a legal opinion written by a poet."—*Washington Herald.*

* * *

STARTING A SECRET ON ITS WAY.

"You must promise you'll never breathe a word of what I'm going to tell you."—*Judge.*

NOT NEEDED.

"Do you carry burglar insurance on your home, Bildad?" asked Wiggles.

"I used to, but since the twins came I've given it up," said Bildad. "Nobody sleeps at our house after dark, so what's the use?"

* * *

NO MAN IS LOGICAL TO HIS WIFE.

His Wife: **"The papers say you are one of the greatest logicians of your time, John. It's curious you are never right in any of your arguments with me."**

Sydney Bulletin

ONE TOO MANY.

"Percy," said Harold, "I wish to ask you a question of etiquette: If I take a young lady to a good theatre, and take her afterward to a restaurant for supper, and then bring her home in a carriage, should I, on leaving her, kiss her?"

"No, Harold," said Percy firmly; you've already done quite enough for her!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

* * *

"Young man," said Major Blackbrow, with a lowering glance at a collie, "I happened to see you last night with your arm about my daughter's waist. May I inquire your intentions, sir?"

"Why, sure, Major," replied the blooming Chollie. "I intend to put it there every chance I get."—*Harper's Weekly.*

* * *

Teacher: "Who can tell the meaning of 'persistence'?"

Small Boy: "Mother talking for a new hat."

EVERY READER SHOULD BECOME A PART-OWNER.

AMONG THE FOOTBALLERS.

Teams and Their Prospects.

This week we have the usual number of league matches set for decision, and there promises to be some exciting encounters and not a few surprising results. A match of more than ordinary interest in the First Division is that between Aston Villa and the "'Spurs," as the result means a good deal to both of them. A win for the Villa would place them almost, if not quite, at the top of the League, and seriously jeopardise the "'Spurs'" chance of keeping their place; whilst, on the other hand, should the White Hart Lane boys get through, it would take them further out of the danger zone. Last season, Tottenham got three points out of the two games, winning at home, and drawing at Birmingham.

They have already got one point out of the "Villains" this season as the result of a memorable game on their own ground, and as at that time they were not exactly what we might call top hole, and have improved greatly since then, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they might give their hosts a pretty warm time, and conceivably win; but, in any case, I shall expect them to hold their own, and get at least one point.

Another pretty close game in which a London club is concerned is at Chelsea, where Manchester City are the visitors.

The "pensioners" have not experienced the best of luck during the last few weeks, but are looking for the tide to turn, and are bent upon giving the almost irresistible Manchester men a pretty hot time, and I shall look to them to at least keep their end up.

Newcastle are not doing so well in their League games as one might expect, considering the talent they have at command, but they should make good this week when they entertain Everton, another side that has not quite fulfilled expectations this season.

Oldham Athletic's Great Strides.

The team that has without any doubt made the greatest strides in the League this season—Oldham Athletic—are at home to West Bromwich, and while admitting that the latter are at all times formidable opponents, I doubt if they will stop the Athletic, who at any rate should make a draw of it.

Where Notts County failed against Tottenham they can hardly hope to succeed against Sunderland, and it seems pretty certain that they will be driven still further in the direction of the juniors.

In the Second Division, Burnley, who look like going up, should strengthen their position at the expense of Leeds City, and Preston North End, who will in all probability also return to their old home, will see to it that Grimsby don't interfere with their progress.

Birmingham, who a little time ago looked almost certain to make a terrific fight to gain promotion, have lost a bit of ground they will find it somewhat difficult to make up, but they should get a bit of it back this week when they go to Glossop, who are not what we might term formidable opponents.

Clapton should manage to move up a peg or two by getting the better of Bristol City, and Lincoln City may do the present leaders a turn by holding Notts Forest, if they do not beat them.

Coming to the Southern League, it is by no means certain that Crystal Palace will retain their position at the head of affairs, as they will find Merthyr Town ready to dispute every inch of the way, and there are more unlikely things than that they will win outright. The Welshmen are a rare hustling, if not very scientific, side, and have surprised a couple of the best teams in the League already. Coventry should get both points out of their game with Southampton, and Millwall have the biggest certainty of the day on against Stoke. What I predict will be a drawn game is that between Swindon and Queen's Park Rangers.

"Has he a wide circle of friends?"

"Yes—they all keep clear of him."

* * *

Plaintiff (in lawsuit): So you think I will get the money, do you?

His Counsel: I think we will get it.

MY NOTE BOOK.

MESSAGES FROM APPRECIATIVE READERS.

That many readers would write me ... ing great pleasure "with the magnificent alteration in our football competition" ... some of my loyal supporters aptly put it, ... fully expected, but when I gave expression to my feelings in the words—"As Editor of your favourite paper I do not intend to allow the grass to grow under my feet"—perhaps it would be as well to make it quite clear that they were not used in the sense of "fishing for praise."

However, as more than a few have wholeheartedly testified ... from all parts since my last "Note Book" appeared, I ... now feel I can thank one and all for the kind things written about me. Although I say it, it is a good thing, I have a ... of myself, or else "A.J.B.'s" letter from Gloucestershire would ... inflict upon me that insufferable malady known as swelled head. As it is, "A.J.B.'s" message only spurs me on to greater efforts without affecting my equilibrium.

Writing under the date of February 15th, he says:

"You have every reason to be more than proud of your paper. Although not relying upon journalism myself for a livelihood, I was brought up in the atmosphere, if I may so term it, and think I can claim to know a little about it. The improvements which have been effected in *Modern Man* during the last six months have, as I believe others have told you, them up, been great. You are always bang up to date, which, I recognise, is no easy matter. . . . You are ahead, and I am glad your efforts are being appreciated."

For the latest news about my co-operative scheme, I refer my readers to page 1937. Here I will only say how delighted we shall all be when I am in the position of being able to tell you that all the shares have been allocated for our benefit.

If you have not already availed yourself of the invitation extended to you, then do so without delay; and further, you must tell all your friends about our Football Competition.

There is no limit to the number of coupons a reader may send, and who is there who would say "No" to an income of £5 a week for life? Strike while the iron is hot. As I said last week, our pension can be won, and why should not you be the fortunate possessor of it?

* * *

A TRIBUTE FROM GERMANY.

Writing from Saxony, on the 13th ... R.C.C. ...

"It was with pleasure that I was ... able to read the confirmation of ... prophecy in the German papers.

"The Kaiser's only daughter has become engaged, thus proving that *Modern Man* was right (as it always is) in saying that our Prince of Wales was not to be engaged to her; and I trust you will be equally successful later on in giving the name of the person to whom he does ... wards become engaged.

"You would be surprised to see how eagerly a number of my German friends read through your outspoken paper each week. It speaks heaps for the fine, impartial way you take of matters in general."

* * *

POLICE CONSTABLE AND 'MODERN MAN.'

"As a constant reader of *Modern Man*," writes a Burnley constable, "I have been much impressed by the straight methods employed by you in dealing with the White Slave Traffic.

"As a police constable of nine or ten years' ... in one of our large provincial towns, cases have come ... my notice that seem impossible in England at these ... and I am really glad that such a powerful paper as ... has taken up this subject.

"Where a girl is advertised for might I suggest the following course be pursued by her parents before ... replies, or at least before she accepts the post: To write the chief constable or superintendent of police of ... asking if the place advertised is reputable or not; ... forget to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for ...

"The police would make enquiries, if they did not ... and reply accordingly, and this would, I am sure, do away with a lot of trapping girls by means of alluring advertisements, for again the police would keep their eyes upon houses or places where girls went to.

"An alternative would be to write to the clergy or ...

"Wishing you and your paper every success."

The suggestion is a good one, and I hope to have ... to say on the subject next week.

YOUR EDITOR.

DO NOT DELAY IN SENDING FOR "MODERN MAN" SHARES

THE MODERN MAN.

No. 32:

MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

The subject of our sketch this week has humorously said that, when at Charterhouse, where he played in all the school theatricals, "Everybody advised me never to be an actor," but we are all jolly glad he did not allow any such remark to despoil his fascination for the stage.

When Mr. Cyril Maude, whose visit to [illegible] this year is being looked for[illegible] to with considerable interest by playgoers on the other side of the Atlantic, decided upon a life behind the footlights in preference to following in his father's footsteps as a soldier, he had the full consent of his parents, and he has certainly made the best use of his opportunities.

Mr. Maude made his first appearance on the stage in 1883 as a servant in "East Lynne," at Denver, Colorado.

His first appearance in London was made at the Strand Theatre, as Sir Charles Harwood, an old man in "The Rubber of Life." In this he failed, but he was not disheartened. In September, 1887, he made a great hit at the Grand Theatre, Islington, as the Duke of Courtland in "Racing," and this led to his immediate engagement by Mr. George Edwardes for the Gaiety Theatre. Since then Mr. Maude has appeared in too many roles to attempt to enumerate them here. Suffice it to say that his record proves him to be one of the most versatile actors on the stage. In 1907 and 1908 he performed before the King at Sandringham.

READ THE INTERESTING NEWS ON PAGE 1937.

THE MONSTER.

* * *

BANSARD'S TREACHERY.

What Happened in a Country School.

Ronald McAvril, second assistant in the Thorpescombe Council School, drew up before the desk of George Bansard, and producing from his pocket a "comic" postcard, portraying a vacuous-looking male embracing an intoxicated woman, he asked sharply "Seen this before?"

"What d'you mean?" snapped Bansard.

"Precisely what I say. I accuse you of sending this vulgar thing, with its disgusting suggestions typed thereon to Miss Renford. She lost it—I picked it up. That's how I come to possess it, and as Miss Renford cannot avenge herself, I intend to do so for her."

"The devil you do!" exclaimed the other. "I'll argue when you've finished these cheap heroics." He moved away.

"Don't hurry! Both doors are locked, and the key's in my pocket. You'll leave this schoolroom at my pleasure," Ronald informed him.

"And that is?"—sarcastically.

"When I've a written apology from you to Miss Renford, or—when you've had a bigger thrashing than you've ever yet contemplated."

"What am I to apologise for?" the head-assistant asked lamely.

"For sending that lying postcard to Ella Renford!"

"And apologise for being innocent?"

"Then you deny being the author of it?"

"Y—"

"You liar!" cried Ronald. "On the picture in front, unfortunately for you, is the faint signature reversed, 'George M. Bansard.' While you were writing, the card lay upon the half-dry signature of some other correspondence of yours. Understand? Do you deny it still?" he exclaimed.

"'Twas a joke, McAvril." Bansard tried to smile. "I really meant no harm," he said.

Ronald's jaw set. His strong right arm drew back like a released steel spring, his clenched fist shot out. Thud!

* * *

Ella Renford found her companion very quiet in Thorpescombe Woods next evening.

"Mr. Bansard was not at school to-day," she asked.

"No," Ronald said.

"He met with an accident after school, didn't something, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"You don't seem very communicative," she said. "I hope you had nothing to do with it, had you?" She spoke some alarm.

Ronald hesitated, then blurted:

"He sent you that postcard!"

"What! Mr. Bansard! That post ——!" Her voice was full of horrified surprise, for she had been unaware her loss had been discovered.

"The truth is, I found the post-card, discovered the owner of it—and—and I thrashed him!"

"Oh, Mr. McAvril! How could you! You lowered yourself to strike George Bansard. And for me—for me! Why did you do it?" she exclaimed.

"Because I love you. Tell me, may I have the privilege to take care of you?"

What could she say?

* * *

But Bansard desired the sweets of revenge.

By an oversight, a bottle of sulphuric acid was left on the mantelpiece of Ronald's class-room one Friday afternoon after a simple chemistry lesson.

As Bansard passed the glass-panelled door, the bottle held his attention. He therefore waited till the schoolroom was empty. Removing the glass stopper, he carefully emptied the acid into the hinge-cracks of McAvril's desk and laid the bottle down again.

To all appearance the spilt acid was an accident, but with a sarcastic chuckle he said aloud: "There you are, you would-be husband of Ella Renford, your books will be in an excellent condition for inspection.

Ronald was at school early on Monday morning.

One horrified glance at his desk, scarred and discoloured by the burning acid, told him what was the matter.

The principal entered. Ronald pointed out what was done. The former was frantic.

"Why don't you open your desk and see if the books are damaged inside!" he exclaimed angrily.

"I daren't, sir. My registers!" he said miserably.

"Give me your keys!"

The acid for two days had been eating its corrosive way through the Board of Education's records.

"Good heavens! How comes this carelessness? Do you know what it means to you?" cried the head.

"I do, sir," was all Ronald could utter.

Bansard at this moment came in.

"What's the matter, sir," he asked with assumed carelessness.

The head pointed to the acid-burnt registers.

Ronald studied his enemy's face. Exultation showed. He turned fiercely on him with:

"Bansard! This is some more of your treachery."

Bansard was about to indignantly deny the accusation, but Ronald put the books down with a sudden jerk.

"Mr. Walford, sir! These are not my books. These are Bansard's."

"Bansard's! Bansard's! In your desk? What do you mean?" asked the head in astonishment.

"You must have returned his books to me instead of your own after inspection on Friday," he said, "and left them in my desk unnoticed!"

Bansard stepped forward, grey with fear.

"But they *must* be his," he gasped.

"Why *must?*" asked the head, sharply, as he examined the names. "They *are* yours, Bansard."

"Good God! I thought ——" The traitor did not finish the sentence. He saw that he had destroyed his own case and stood self-condemned.

STANLEY ST. LEON.

A NEW HONOUR.

We are informed that the Molassine Company, proprietors of Molassine Meal, have been created by appointment Royal Warrant Holders to His Majesty the King.

EVERYBODY'S PRAISING OUR SAFETY RAZOR

PRINCESS LOUISE OF BELGIUM.

ROYAL AND NOBLE LOVE AFFAIRS.

No. 2:

THE SUFFERINGS FOR LOVE OF PRINCESS PHILIP OF COBURG, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE KING LEOPOLD AND COUSIN OF KING GEORGE OF ENGLAND.

In the first of this series we last week told the amazing story of Queen Caroline, the wife of our King George IV., whose stormy fracas with the Baron Pergami on the Continent. Queen Caroline died eighty years ago, and one might suppose that, in these more practical days, when it has so long been said that "the age of romance is dead"—there was nothing to equal in stirring interest the life-story of the "vagabond Princess of Wales." The following true account of the life of Princess Philip of Coburg will show that the past cannot excel the present in the matter of love, marriage, and—the other man! Princess Louise now lives in Paris in comparatively strict retirement. She has had enough of "the world." Few figures in classic history have suffered more of "the whips and scorns of time" than she. Her career from childhood to womanhood is a long record of early hopes doomed, not merely to disappointment, but to ridicule and insult. Her marriage was a set of knives thrust into her proud flesh. Her separation from her husband was accompanied by penalties which simply cannot be considered possible for any free-born Englishwoman.

Princess Louise of Coburg, though not an Englishwoman, is closely related to our King George, and not only was she born of the House which now occupies the Throne of Great Britain and Ireland, but the husband, who was so cruelly selected for her against her will, is himself a cousin and an even nearer cousin to King George V.

Amazing Rise to Greatness of the Coburgers.

The rise of the Royal house of which Louise of Coburg is a princess is one of the latter-day romances of Royal history. Up till the year in which Napoleon I. erected Bavaria, Wurttemburg, and Saxony into kingdoms, Saxe-Coburg was simply a small German state, whose dynastic importance was of the smallest. But when a husband had to be found for the only daughter of that English Queen whose amazing career was narrated in these pages last week, it was to Coburg that the young lady's father went. Prince Leopold of Coburg, although almost a "nobody" by comparison with his bride, who was the heiress of England, gave the Coburgers their opportunity of "branching out." And they took it! The marriage introduced the family of Coburg to the best of the members of the English Royal House, and when King George IV.'s brother, the Duke of Kent, required a bride, it was to the House of Coburg that he went. The lady, who became so well-known in this country as the Duchess of Kent, was Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. She was, however, a widow, her first husband having been the Prince of Leiningen. And when the Duchess had an only daughter, another Princess Victoria, grew up, and a husband was wanted for her, it was natural, perhaps, that the first family to whom attention should be directed was the Royal group in old Coburg.

"Albert the Good."

And the Prince who was wanted was found there, and it is certain no better husband for the future Queen of England could have been discovered. Albert the Good may be said, without exaggeration, to have laid the foundations of England's present greatness.

Since then the Coburgers have struck out in all directions. Leopold, who came to England as the husband of Princess Charlotte in 1816, after the death in child-birth of his wife, Princess Royal of England, was made first "King of the Belgians." Another Coburger prince came into the Crown of Portugal, and young King Manuel in his direct descendant. Bulgaria has given a crown to another Coburger, second cousin to our Edward—himself the first of our sovereigns of the Saxe-Coburg dynasty in this country—while practically all the younger members of the Protestant branches of the great family of European Royalties have Coburg blood in their veins.

Fascinating Royal Flapper.

When Prince Leopold of Coburg lost his chance, by the death of his wife, Princess Charlotte, of being the Consort of a Queen of England, he returned to Europe, and after the Belgian War of Independence had brought about his election as first "King of the Belgians," he continued to take the greatest interest in our Princess Victoria, for her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was his sister. Leopold himself married Louise, daughter of the old King Louis Phillipe of France, and their son was the late famous libertine, King Leopold II. of the Belgians. This execrable monarch married Marie Henriette, an archduchess of Austria, and had three daughters. From infancy these three girls were brought up to be high-spirited, liberty-loving lasses, their mother being the most accomplished Royal horsewoman in Europe. In her husband's palace at Laeken the Queen of the Belgians established a private circus to which the leading professional riders of Europe were bidden to instruct her daughters in the equestrian art. The three Belgian princesses became so proficient in horsemanship that they could all ride a pony barebacked before they could read or write.

The eldest of the Belgian girls was Louise, who was born at Brussels on the 18th of February, 1851. She was a charming young romp, full of childish gaiety, never happier than when astride a pony, or "playing horses" with her stately old father. Louise's two sisters were taller, and more sedate and scholarly young ladies than Louise, equally fond of sport, but less excitable and ingenuous in their characteristics. At sixteen Louise of Belgium was as fascinating a flapper as could be found in any Royal house in Europe.

Determined to Get His Daughters Married.

With all her love of horses she still had a warm place in her heart for her collection of dolls, and so long as she was in the schoolroom she never tired of her attentions to her large family of wax and wooden "babies" from Brittany and Wurttemburg. Her sixteenth birthday found Louise of Belgium with glowing cheeks, her hair flying loose in the wind, and her soul at its sweetest and purest. All the Royal household at Laeken made great efforts to celebrate the sixteenth birthday of Leopold's eldest daughter with every sign of *éclat* and rejoicing. Perhaps some of King Leopold's courtiers already divined the crime that was about to be committed against the innocent cause of the celebrations!

Anyway, Louise was not long kept in ignorance of her fate. Old King Leopold had a strong infusion of the Wittelsbach madness in his veins, and one of the forms which his mania took was an inordinate desire to get his daughters married well and early. All the world knows how the marriage of poor Stephanie to the Crown Prince of Austria turned out.

That marriage was also a crime for which Leopold has by now probably been called to account. As for Louise, before she was out of short frocks her silly old father had mentally married her off, and had selected for her husband another prince of his own house, Philip of Coburg, who was a grandson of a brother of Leopold's father and the Duchess of Kent. Prince Philip was in the Austrian army, had a large

DO NOT DELAY IN SENDING FOR "MODERN MAN" SHARES.

estate in Hungary—his mother being a Hungarian heiress—he was years older than Louise, and he had had a gay time of it in Vienna. But that mattered naught to Leopold of Belgium, so long as his dream of an early marriage for his eldest daughter was realised.

And when the old King announced to Louise that she was to marry her unknown cousin, the child simply gazed at her father in wonderment. She had no more idea of the meaning of marriage than on the day she was born. After a time the idea seemed to please her. It was "too funny!"

Needless to say, before the wedding actually took place, Louise had been undeceived about the "funniness" of marriage; and many little birds had had her ear on the most important subject of her life. And when the morning came which was to witness the greatest marital crime of the last century, it found Louise in tears, shuddering at the life before her, and full of premonitions of the awful connubial horrors that awaited her. And the premonitions were no false ones!

"Soulless Set of Rakes."

It is well-known that our English Coburgers are not upon the best of terms with their relatives of the Catholic branch of the house of Saxe-Coburg. Queen Victoria loved her Uncle Leopold with an almost doting affection, but with his son, the late King Leopold, our old Queen never could "hit it." The reason is that the Catholic Coburgs are a contemptible, soulless set of rakes. Prince Philip of Coburg, finding his sixteen-year-old wife from Brussels in no way violently in love with him, proceeded to make her life as miserable as he could.

She had not been married to him many hours before he told her that he had only married her because he was "in love with her mother." She shrank from him, trembling! Her brother-in-law, now the Tsar of Bulgaria, added to her misery by a persistent persecution. He pressed upon her an ignoble suit, and once even sent her a dagger. "Since you are squeamish," was the message, "kill your husband!" She took the dagger instead to Ferdinand's brother, her own husband; he took it from her, laughed, and left her.

King Leopold's "Counsel of Shame!"

For years Philip of Coburg and his Belgian wife gave splendid entertainments at their palace in Vienna, which beautiful city then enjoyed, as its most interesting gossip, tales of the misery of the Belgian princess, and her heroic efforts to conceal it from the world. At last, to separate from this man was the purpose to which she clung as to the hope of salvation. Divorce, an amicable parting, anything would suffice, so long as her days and nights were freed of his presence.

At last, and for the last time, Louise of Belgium referred the matter to her father. His only counsel to his daughter was one of shame.

"Your husband is a screen," he told her. "Behind that screen you can do as you like. But you must keep the screen!"

Louise flushed scarlet. "That is vile!" she cried. It was the only time she spoke openly the truth about her father.

So things went on for a time as before. As they now had two children the ill-mated pair were at first able to keep their squabbles from becoming a public scandal, but the time came when this was no longer possible. One day, while the Princess was driving in the Prater in Vienna, a little incident occurred which promptly put "the fat in the fire." The Princess, always a great horsewoman, much enjoyed her rides through the beautiful Viennese park, and the incident that arrested her attention was a young officer of the 13th Uhlans making a desperate struggle for the control of an unruly horse. The officer, whose name was Lieutenant von Mattachich, was a handsome fellow, and the Princess fell violently in love with him, and the latter soon learned of the Princess's infatuation.

Emperor Intervenes.

A meeting was finally arranged at Abbazia, and Princess Louise of Coburg at once appointed Lieutenant von Mattachich her Master of the Horse. The Princess, yearning for real love, soon grew callous of public opinion, and made no secret of her infatuation. The story eventually got to the ears of the aged Emperor Francis Joseph, and he having taken steps to get at the truth, sent for the Princess, for whom he had more than a military regard, for her younger sister, Stephanie, had become the wife of the Emperor's only son. Said the Emperor to the wayward Princess, "Your Royal Highness, I deeply regret to inform you that you will not be able to attend the Court this year. Grave indiscretions have been committed. I am in receipt of exact information."

The Princess was at once formally declared [illegible] in the following year an Imperial decree expelled [illegible] Austrian territory.

It was then to the Riviera that the Princess fled, accompanied by the faithful Mattachich. Needless to say, Philip of Coburg was extremely angry at the [illegible] so he sent Lieutenant von Mattachich a challenge. The parties, armed with pistols and swords, met in [illegible] the word, the Lieutenant fired in the air, but Prince Philip was full of vengeance, and he made a serious effort to kill the Lieutenant. It failed, however, and then the combatants grasped their swords for the final tussle. A grim tussle it was, too, and none of your silly Parisian duels, the swords selected were broad, strong sabres, and [illegible] behind them was deadly. But the Lieutenant came off winner. He soon inflicted a flesh wound in the Prince's arm, and the duel was ended, the angry combatants parting without reconciliation. Lieutenant von Mattachich once returned to Princess Louise of Coburg, and was able to report that he had not killed the father of her children, they continued to live in amity as before.

Another "Bolt from the Blue."

The Princess's daughter was soon after married to the German Empress's brother, the Grand Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and then another bolt from the blue. A firm of Viennese moneylenders were seized with doubts about the authenticity of certain signatures of the Prince Philip of Coburg and her sister, the Princess Stephanie, on eleven notes of hand, representing several thousand pounds. They appealed to Princess Stephanie, who denied the signatures forgeries. They also appealed to Prince Philip, and the terrible necessity faced her of obtaining money before they fell due. Knowing how keen was the regard of Queen Victoria for all her Belgian relatives, Princess Philip hurried across to England, and sought an interview with the Queen. But the Queen had only recently departed for the Riviera. The Princess's plight was perilous, and in her extremity she hastened back to the continent, and having nowhere else to go, went back to Vienna, from which she was still banished—and sought shelter from the impending storm with her lover's relatives.

How Justice is done in Austria.

Lieutenant von Mattachich went with her, and was at once arrested, and, with all possible dispatch and [illegible] he was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to [illegible] imprisonment, and "solitary confinement for the [illegible] month of of every year of his imprisonment, [illegible] being the alleged forgeries of the names of the [illegible] Louise and Stephanie. No suggestion was ever [illegible] he ever handled the money, and he certainly did [illegible] vert it to his own use, while the Princess Louise [illegible] admitted having forged both names. But Prince [illegible] Coburg's vengeance had to be satisfied, and the [illegible] Lieutenant was thus got out of the way. His [illegible] the superior courts were quashed. So [illegible] Mattachich disappeared as the "guest of the [illegible]

But before the scandal could be scotched, the [illegible] Princess had to be silenced. By an artful ruse, she was induced to appear once more upon Austrian soil, where she was immediately seized, and quickly hustled into a lunatic asylum. But not in an Austrian asylum. She was carried over the border, and interned in the asylum fortress of Königstein in Saxony.

Louise Escapes from the Fortress Prison.

But the friends of the romantic couple were [illegible] ing for them in Vienna, and after four and a half years' imprisonment they secured the release of Lieutenant Mattachich, doubtless under the belief of the Emperor that his long punishment had cooled the affair. But for once even the Austrian officials had made a mistake. As soon as the ex-Lieutenant learnt of the way in which his Princess had been got rid of, off he [illegible] Lindenhof with a rope-ladder, and after a lot of manœuvring, which lasted for weeks, during which he had his life in his hands, he succeeded in communicating with Princess Louise of Coburg, and carrying her off in the dark night from the awful place where for years she had been confined. The sequel came not long after, the [illegible] ing completely baffled the Saxon and Austrian officials who were searching Europe for her, the Princess turned up in Paris, and submitted herself to the lunacy specialists, who established the fact that she was perfectly sane, and in possession of all her faculties.

ANOTHER AMAZING STORY WILL BE GIVEN NEXT WEEK. ORDER YOUR "MODERN MAN" EARLY AND AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

SEND IN AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

SOME MEMS FOR THE LADIES.

AT THE THEATRE.
A little dressing with the salad.

* * *

What Bad Teeth Do.

stimated that over half the people in the world have defective teeth. In a great ases this is due to lack of care. Whatever the cause the consequences may be s and serious, even resulting in the person becoming incapacitated for work re.

teeth in the mouth form an excellent place for the growth of disease affect the throat and may produce a tendency to catarrh, tonsilitis, and

with bad teeth is not popular socially, for in nearly every case the ffected. Also poor teeth may cause defective speech. Bad teeth may be the a person forming a drug habit because of the continual use of drugs to in, or toothache.

eth may be the cause of the moral downfall of a girl if the nourishment of the who is in a good, sturdy condition. Considering these facts, we can see the value ental clinics in the schools and the necessity of proper attention to the teeth of wing boys and girls.

* * *

features of the early spring hat are that it is small, simple, yle it copies the shape, but not the poise on the head, of Victorian and hence it has acquired the name of "Neo-Victorian."

new hats depend not on size for their elegance, but on the winsome way in which encircles a daintily-dressed head of hair.

they overburdened with trimming. A single satin or brocaded band, with a drooping bow at the back, or a tall ostrich feather or osprey mount, back is considered sufficient adornment. The trimming is invariably at is year, quite contrary to last spring.

* * *

Dangers of the Cold Bath.

ould women take a daily cold bath? A lady doctor, Dr. Chesser, has no doubt a daily bath with plenty of soap, brisk friction, and rubbing down with a bath should be adopted by every woman who wants to be healthy. But what of the bath?

me people the cold bath is a danger, and only those who have sufficient vitality t glow and exhilaration afterwards should go in for cold baths in winter at The effect of cold water is to drive the blood from the skin to the interior y. If the reaction is satisfactory afterwards the blood suddenly flows to the a sense of warmth and exhilaration is felt.

cold sponge after a tepid bath, or whilst standing in warm water, has the same with less shock, and is more suitable for people who are not very robust, ially in winter.

* * *

hite marble monument, erected by a widower to his wife's memory in Lawn d Cemetery, Leeds, consists of a replica of the porch of their house. On the step e figure, almost life-size, of the dead wife in an attitude of welcoming someone the house.

The oldest will in existence is nearly 5,000 years old, yet authorities declare that it is so modern in form that it might almost be granted probate to-day.

There was a law suit some time ago over a will which had been scribbled on the cuff of a shirt. An American woman, Mrs. Florence Wright, used fifty words, which she wrote on an old piece of packing paper, to devise her £100,000 estate. One lady is recorded as having left £80 a year for the maintenance of three goldfish, and for flowers to be laid on their graves when they died. Another rich widow made an annuity of £105 to her parrot in consideration of the fact that it had been the "faithful companion for 30 years."

MODERN WOMAN.
Her hat so low she can't see. Her gown so tight she can't walk. Her corset so long she can't sit down.

IF YOU LIKE "MODERN MAN," SECURE SHARES EARLY.

LOVE AND MOTHERS.

How a Couple Cooled Irate Parents.

The trouble arose because, firstly, Mr. Ernest Trinkinson had smiled at Her as he passed her one day in the road secondly, she had smiled at him; thirdly, they had spoken on a 'bus one morning. There is no need to set down the fourthly, which you can guess, nor the fifthly, which you can hazard—as Mr. Trinkinson did when he "popped the question."

Her answer was "Yes"—and he had to break it to his family. She had to act similarly in her case. . . It had been a blissful evening for two such obscure mortals as a clerk in a City office and a "young lady" in the "Mantles" of a shop.

Although their occupations lay far apart they were next-door neighbours, and trouble had been brewing ever since Ernest Trinkinson first mentioned the name of Elizabeth Bland, one evening at tea.

"Don't let it ever be said that a Trinkinson was ever mixed up with a Bland," the matronly Mrs. Trinkinson had observed. "It's an 'ardship, Erny, to have to live on the same side o' the road as the Blands. They always was a bad lot, and I reckon Letitia B. (that's this Liz's mother) would find it a bit of a difficulty to produce 'er marriage lines. Why, old B. calls 'er pet names *now*—'my peach' and all that. As I allus says, that sort o' be'aviour ain't no '*usband's* be'aviour."

Twenty-four years of his mother's rule had inculcated one lesson in young Mr. Trinkinson's head, and his father had learned it some time before him—that it never paid to argue with Mrs. Trinkinson. . . .

Therefore, when Ernest came home in the train he had decided that the only thing for him to do would be to finish his tea, wash, and just as he had got his stick and cap in his hand, say to his revered mother: "Mother, I asked Elizabeth Bland last night if she'd marry me. She said 'Yes, she would.' I love her. Good-night-mother-don't-wait-up-for-*me*!"

Of *course*, he got no further than "Mother, I asked Elizabeth Bland—if she'd marry me ——"

And then Mrs. Trinkinson started.

"'Ow that Mrs. Bland 'll overjoy 'erself," she went on tearfully, "'ow she'll triumph to think that this slip of a girl of 'ers as 'ooked a Trinkinson. And here's your mother, who's 'ad words with 'er every Sunday mornin' this three year now, since what she said about the time I took drop o' stimulant, which Doctor Nipper 'is very self said I needed. 'It's a necessity to you, Mrs. Trinkinson, madam,' 'e says. 'A necessity.' . . . Called me a drunken old woman, she did, which I'd be ashamed to 'ave such words come out o' my mouth, I would—the snub-nosed, rat's-tail-'aired little cat!

"And 'ere's my own flesh an' blood risin' up again me, sayin' to me 'e's goin' to marry Liz Bland. . . Erny, you *sha'n't*. There!"

The son of the late Mr. Trinkinson arose bravely.

"Mother, I love Elizabeth Bland. And your threats sha'n't deter me from my pur-r-pose. . . . I'm *over* twenty-one years of age and I can do as I like. I shall marry the girl!"

"Oh, will you!" said a totally new voice behind him. "I'*ill* you. Do you think any daughter o' mine should give 'erself in 'oly matrimony to a Trinkinson?"

From a point of vantage on an upturned washing-tub on the other side of the dividing wall, Mrs. Bland had at last elected to take part in a discussion to which she had been listening from the opening sentences thereof, her face growing ever redder, either as a consequence of her stooping position in ambush or by reason of the reflections on her character.

"And I'll 'ave you to know, Missis Trinkinson," the lady continued, "that it ain't wise to measure *my* corn by your bushel. Liz! Bring me the little drawer out o' the sewing machine. . . 'Ere's my marriage lines, Missis Bland, which, if your eyes ain't runnin' with—stimulants—you may be able to read if you ever 'ad any education—which I doubt very much."

"'Ow dare you stand there and look over *my* wall, *Missis* Bland."

"It's as much *my* wall as yours, I 'spose, Missis Trinkinson, and I pay my rent regular, *I* do. Liz. Look in the vase on the mantelpiece and bring ——"

[illegible] bits o' paper, Missis Bland," observed Mrs. Trinkinson temptuously, flinging open her backdoor. "And a son, Erny—Erny, where are you? Are you goin' when your mother wot 'as fed and clothed you and 'erself of every little luxury for you all these years outraged by a Person over the wall?"

Mr. Ernest Trinkinson, who had made a retrogressment towards the hall, reappeared sheepishly; he

"I don't hold with this blitherin', mother," tremulous dignity. "I haven't any quarrel with Mr nor do I seek one."

"You see! You see!" said the mother of the Elizabeth. "'E's got more respec' in 'im. 'E re that it was me as saved 'is little life when 'e 'ad vulsions."

"Well, I can't stand 'ere and catch cold talkin Mrs. T.," said the lady over the wall. "But you assured that I've forbidden my Liz to as much a your Erny again—not that 'e's a bad sort o' you but it's 'is antycedents. That's what it is that I

"I'm sure Liz ain't got no fault to find with cedents," said Mrs. Trinkinson with deep sarcasm uncertainty as to the last word.

"No, she hain't. You allus did say, Mrs. (that was when you be'aved as a lady should) that after *me*!"

With these final words of triumph Mrs. Bland the door.

Feeling somewhat vanquished, Mrs. Trinkinson sorrowfully through her darkened "hall," seeking that she might inform him in tones of great resigna she was sure that Mrs. Bland would be the death some not far distant date.

The door of the hall she found was ajar, and be ting it she took a breath of the air of the street.

In a square yard or two of dank "garden" outside two figures talking over the railings, and those figu as close as the wooden fencing would allow them

"I don't care what they say, Liz, do you?" Mr. Trinkinson, appealingly..

"No, dear, no!" came the answer in soft tones Mrs. Bland, calling out "Liz!" opened the door.

With as much dignity as Mrs. Trinkinson suddenly summon she surveyed the two.

"It's the worst," she said resignedly, "of these lo Ain't it, Letitia?"

HOW FORGETFUL!

"But why do you keep calling me Arthur? Didn't I t name was Charlie?"
"Of course! How stupid of me! But I keep thinki Wednesday."

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Then swing fairly smartly downwards, so that the hands pass between the legs. Take care not to swing so vigorously that the back muscles are strained when the swing is brought to an abrupt conclusion.

The arms must be kept stiff during the whole exercise, but the back will necessarily bend slightly as the lower extremity of the swing is reached.

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"'Omer, 'Omer? Who was he, d'ye know, Jack?"
"I expect he was the first bloke wot trained pigeons."

* * *

Bertie Cure: When on board ship I always pick out a cool spot and smoke a strong cigar.

Peggy Quiz: Why a strong one?

Bertie Cure: Well, you see, it always makes me so ill I don't have a chance to get seasick.

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STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Trading has been very irregular during the last week, with very little business doing, but now that the Mexican trouble looks like coming to an end, and indications that the Turks are again suing for peace, brighter markets should be the order of the day.

* * *

Americans also suffered severely last week, but Eries, which I have recommended to my readers, hold strong round about 30½, and I still confidently recommend all who speculate in this market to pick up some of this stock.

* * *

The Chartered report came as a bit of a damper to the Rhodesian market, and the shares relapsed some 3s. or 4s., but are better at about 24s. 6d.

* * *

No doubt the report is disappointing, but I do not see how any sane student of the position of Rhodesia, and the Chartered Company in particular, could have expected a very different showing.

* * *

The trouble is, that whenever there was the slenderest basis for optimism, hopes as to Chartered have always been keyed too high.

* * *

Nigerian Tin Shares have had a quiet week, with the exception of Ropps, which still jump about in lively fashion.

* * *

Several of my readers have asked me about the Begel Bauchi 5s. shares. I wish all to very clearly understand that this company is in no way connected with the Northern Nigerian Bauchi Company, whose 10s. ordinary shares I have periodically recommended in these columns, as a speculative lockup, but I cannot under any circumstances advise readers to buy the Begel Bauchi Shares now quoted at about 2s. 6d.

* * *

There is little doing in the West African Market and I cannot hold out hope of any immediate rise, but the pick of the bunch are Ashanti Gold Fields, Gold Coast Amalgamated, and Broomassie 10s. shares now quoted at 6s. 6d.

* * *

Many new Cobalt Companies have been introduced to the market here at a premium, but the only two shares that I can recommend to my readers are the Casey Cobalt and Cobalt Townsite Silver. The latter company is still making excellent progress, and I quote below last week's report from the mine:

> "Cobalt Townsite Silver:—Estimated results for week ended 15th February—value of production, £4,654; operating expenses, £1,606; weekly profit, £3,048."

* * *

The Railway market is up against the time limit clause that has been inserted in the Bill, but as the Lords have vetoed this clause the Bill will now go back to the House of Commons for further consideration.

* * *

South Eastern Deferred are now quoted 63 x.d. and Great Northern Deferred are lower at 53. The latter stock is certainly worth buying, as also is London and Brighon Deferred at about 90.

* * *

The report of Selfridge and Co. to be submitted to the meeting on the 27th inst. is certainly a remarkable one. The returns have increased practically every trading day of the year over any corresponding day in the history of the business, and the net profits for the year amount to £104,029.

* * *

Industrials generally have been very quiet. Associated Cement have recovered from the set back at the early part of last week, and National Steam Cars have rallied.

* * *

Marconis have been little dealt in, and in other directions there has been nothing of interest.

* * *

Among Land Shares, I would specially draw attention to Forestal Land at their present quotation of about 60s. and Santa Fe Land at about 49s. 6d. Both these shares have been much higher and are likely to see better prices again.

Spies Petroleum have been about the most in the Oil market, and are one of the best to are slightly better, but Mexican Eagle have the revolutionary news from that country.

* * *

Readers still desirous of acquiring an allotm Bowerman's Press 1s. shares should communicate Secretary of the Company at Farringdon House, E Street, or fill up the Application Form at the b page 1937, and send, together with a remittance many shillings as you require shares.

* * *

All Rubber Shares, have been on the dull si quotations lower. This is your opportunity of up the dividend payers at a lower price.

* * *

The most attractive in the list of small-priced s Chersonese, Bolok Rubber, Merlimau, Singapore and Yam Seng. Of the others Pataling Rubber best pick up in the market at about 1½.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

J. H. (Sydenham).—You must not confuse the Begel Bauchi Northern Nigeria Bauchi Ordinary. The latter are worth present time, also Jos and Lucky Chance, and you might Bowerman's Press 1s. shares, which will cost you £10.

G. S. (Sussex).—Do not sell Chartereds. The report has ing to the bulls, but as you have taken up and paid for need not worry about the temporary depreciation in price. recover, when you could sell out if you like, as they are speculation for any big rise.

Investor (Glasgow).—The Bowerman's Press 1s. shar a dividend of 10 per cent. in priority to the Deferred Sh wards to participate in the full profits of the Company. F cost you twenty-five pounds fully paid, and you should send plication to the Secretary on the form which appears on page

S. H. (Leeds).—Do not have anything to do with the Compa tion; they are a notorious bucket-shop crowd.

H. E. James (Manchester).—Bolok Rubber are a good National Steam Cars should prove a good industrial investm

J. E. Rowe (Liverpool).—With reference to the £100 you I can confidently recommend the following:—Metropolitan Dist 4 per cent. Debenture Stock at 94, which yields £4 5s. per General Omnibus Company 4½ per cent. Debenture Stock £4 13s. per cent., and City and South London Railway 5 per Stock, at £104, yielding £4 16s. per cent.

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POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

Are They Worth What They Cost?

TO THE EDITOR OF "MODERN MAN."

Dear Sir,—After paying an eloquent and impressive tribute to the bravery and devotion of Captain Scott and his companions, you refer to "what we have lost in losing these men, with all their potentialities of service," and you ask, putting at its highest the value of their record and exploration, was it worth it?"—that is, I take it, has the sacrifice been practically in vain?"

I, for one, maintain that the gain is not worth the penalty, and it seems to me that everyone with a sense of proportion must be of this opinion. Granting that we may not know yet all that there may be to be learned about the Arctic and Antarctic Poles, we do know enough to know that the rest isn't worth knowing. These men of whose death we have just heard are only the latest victims of a long list of victims, and the world is not an atom the better for the sum-total of all the knowledge they accumulated and communicated, which amounts to very little after all. What is certain is that the Polar regions are an uninhabitable waste, without any navigable or traversable outlet, and of no good to anybody in any circumstances. Surely—with all respect for the personal gallantry of Polar explorers—it is pitiable that men of different nationalities should race each other to these regions to stick up the flags of their respective countries where there is nobody to see them. It is all a waste of suffering, a waste of endurancé, a waste of life, a waste of treasure. I believe that many agree with me who are afraid to express themselves in opposition to the popular feeling—or perhaps I should say, the popular pretence. People are too easily led, or misled, by the papers they read and just now almost all the papers have gone into hysterics over the South Pole. They even write hysterically about brave Captain Scott, and the equally brave Captain Oates, and the equally brave others. Heroes of their splendid calibre would be the first to point out that England still *expects* every man to do his duty. To speak and act as though, in the case in point, the realisation of that expectation is a surprise is no true compliment to the men we mourn. Bravery even such as theirs, and manifested in far worthier causes, is no new thing "in our rough Island story." To read much that has lately been written, one might suppose that it was.

Polar expeditions are *not* "worth what they cost," and never have been, and never will be.

Yours faithfully,

LIONEL W. ESDAILE.

MOVING A FARM BY BOAT.

To roll up and pack a first-class 100-acre farm, pack it aboard a steamer in one town and set it down in another nearly a score of miles away between sunrise and sunset is a feat somewhat out of the ordinary, yet it is actually what a Newport, U.S.A., farmer accomplished. The preparations for the removal were made in the shortest possible time. The route to the new home is about a score of miles, nearly half the distance being over the waters of Narragansett Bay.

Under the circumstances it was deemed expedient to move a part of the cattle and farming implements at a time, and the farmer decided to charter a steamer, convert it into a modern Noah's Ark, and move the farm in toto. Decks were loaded with wagons and farm implements, including mowing machines, hay, tedders, ploughs and horserakes; bales of hay and straw were tossed into cabins and companion ways; household furniture filled the saloons, and the freight compartment was converted into a barnyard or domestic zoo. The live stock included 14 head of prize cattle, 2 horses, 2 pige, 50 hens, and a couple of dogs.

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Henry Eckford, coral.
Lord Nelson, blue.
Mrs. Collier, pale primrose.
Phenomenal (slightly Waved), blue picotee edge.
Pink Pearl (slightly Waved), pink.
Queen Alexandra, scarlet.
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Helen Lewis (Waved), salmon.
Mrs. Charles Mander (Waved), mauve.
Phenomenal (slightly Waved), blue picotee edge.
Miss Willmott, salmon.
Pink Pearl (slightly Waved), pink.
Helen Pierce, blue flake.
Henry Eckford, coral.
Horace Wright, dark blue.
James Grieve, cream.
King Edward VII., crimson.
Lord Nelson, blue.
Luminosa, coral.
Mid Blue, blue.
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Queen of Spain, pink.
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TURF NEWS.

Racing Notes and Selections.

The one thing that counts more than anything else early in the racing season is condition, and it naturally follows that those animals who cannot be kept at work from now onwards must be at a disadvantage with others more fortunate in that respect, and I would advise all of you who read this column to pay particular attention to the training reports for the next few weeks, so that you may know exactly what is doing, and so form some idea of the chances of the animals engaged, not only in the big handicaps, but the minor races as well.

The action of the National Hunt Committee in "warning off" Tom Coulthwaite and Chadwick came as a tremendous surprise to even the people who half expected it, and it will be some time before the racing public get over it.

I have no intention of discussing the merits of the case, and will leave the subject with the remark that it is satisfactory to know that the people who control the sport have at last got to work in earnest.

Providing the weather does not hold it up, we are promised some interesting sport this week, especially at Sandown on Friday and Saturday, when the Grand Military meeting takes place.

We start the week at Plumpton, where I shall expect to see Counties Club take the Preston Hurdle race, and Violet Charlesworth the Keymer Handicap Steeplechase. The next two days are allotted to Windsor, the opening day providing what I take to be one of the good things of the week in Willaura, who should carry Lord Derby's colours to the front in the Bracknell Hurdle race. They are a pretty moderate lot in the River Selling Hurdle, and, despite his weight, Kolo should be equal to winning. On Wednesday, I shall give another chance to Shanawan, who, I feel certain, can do better than recently, and name him as the probable winner of the Royal Handicap Steeplechase. The Staines Handicap Hurdle I shall leave to Bouton Rouge, and, with bottom weight, Gillapatrick appears to have a good chance of taking the Claremont Steeplechase.

Sandown Park has what I might term an ordinary day's racing on Thursday, the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase being the attractive feature. Several "National" candidates are engaged, but there is no telling what is likely to go for it, and I shall give a tentative vote to Marcellinus.

For the Military meeting I shall name Razorbill, who, I expect, will be ridden by Mr. Whitaker as the probable winner of the Grand Military Gold Cup on the first day, and Prefect, out of the same stable, to take the Handicap Steeplechase on Saturday.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING HE KNOWS EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE MESSAGE FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR THE BENEFIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY MESSAGES.

CYCLE MEMS.

I notice that the re-organised American Motor Trade Association proposes to establish a clearing house for second-hand machines. The object of this, says *Motor Cycling*, is to overcome any feeling on the part of riders that they are not getting a reasonable figure when they sell their machines.

* * *

A machine offered in part payment would be valued by a man in charge of this department, and there would be a scale of prices for all makes.

* * *

A correspondent this week puts me the query, "How often shall I lubricate?" It is impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule, but it is better by far to give too much oil than too little. If an engine is under-lubricated, the result is increased friction, leading to overheating, and eventually a ruined engine.

* * *

Each of the four London cycling associations have passed a resolution pledging itself to take action in future cases of injury being caused to cyclists by reckless motoring. This strong line of action will be welcomed by every cyclist.

ROUND THE RING.

Boxers and their Doings.

Great interest is centred on the twenty rounds to-night when Matt Wells and Hughie Mehegan their return contest at headquarters. Wells has never satisfied with his showing on the occasion of their encounter, and is determined to assert his superiority he has the chance. Mehegan is quite confident of his former victory, although he is hoping to make decisive this time. Viewing the men's chances unbiassed mind, there appears to be very little in should Matt play his cards properly, and the fight full distance, he should win by a fair margin.

* * *

Mehegan has booked his passage to his homeland will be leaving us shortly in order to defend his Lightweight Champion of Australia, which has been by McCoy in his absence.

* * *

P. O. Curran and Sid Burns will sail from Tilbury Australia on Friday next, where they will meet Australia's best at the Sydney Stadium. It is hoped Petty Officer will not add to his already overcrowded house."

* * *

An elimination contest will be fought out at The to-night, when Sid Smith and Sam Kellar will meet these flies are in good trim, but Kellar will have to out to get a lead on the elusive Smith.

* * *

Johnny Kilbane, the "Phantom" champion, is still round beating up all the dubs he can get fixed up doing this he reckons on dodging genuine challenge the title.

* * *

There is some talk of a match between Billy Wells Al. Palzer, to take place on this side, but Wells will ably stick on the trail of Luther McCarthy in preference any other heavyweight. McCarthy and his manager very coy of fixing up the match, although the A public are not likely to stand for so much side-stepping any length of time.

* * *

Why was Johnny Best? Because Johnny Hughes better than he is now. (Pity the poor Editor.)

SOUTHERN READER WINS OUR FOOT PRIZE.

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In connection with our No. 16 Football Competi London reader succeeded in giving fourteen correct out of the matches played, and therefore takes the of £25. The fortunate person is:—

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A correspondent asks whether it is permissible to wear leather watch guard with a morning coat, or with any black coat, for that matter.

I have always favoured the leather guard; it gives just that sporting touch to a man's attire—but it is a little out of place with business clothes.

I think the gold or silver one is most suitable to the type of clothes my correspondent refers to.

* * *

The latest spring fashion in lounge suits are to be cut close to the figure, and the tendency is towards smartness in line with the military kind.

* * *

Ready-made overcoats will be a feature during the coming season. They will be double-breasted, close-fitting to the body, with a loose skirt of modest proportions.

* * *

Almost all the sorts of cloth which are being used for suits this spring will also be made up into overcoats. The rubber-coloured overcoat of recent years will give place to lighter colours.

* * *

The slackness of peg-tops can be carried a little too far. I noticed a young fellow in the Strand the other day, and he looked positively ridiculous.

* * *

He had enough material in his trousers to make two pairs, and these of ample proportions.

* * *

A Hull reader tells me he is tired of paying the dry-cleaners for renovating his mackintosh, and wishes to know if he can do it himself economically.

* * *

It is quite simple. Give it a good scrub with soap and water. This brings all the dirt off, and ammonia may be used to advantage to dissolve the grease spots.

* * *

When ordering your new suit, it is advisable to order two pairs of trousers. The advantage in this will be apparent to anyone who studies clothes economy!

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Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement, page 1947.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, 211, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

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For trouser press see advt. Simplex Manufacturing Co., page 1951.

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Dark lounge suit, excellent condition, suit man 5ft. 8in., chest 35in., approval.—Box 852, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London.

For High-grade Positions see Harper advertisement, page 1948.

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